

FRONTISPIECE



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MILTON'S
PARADISE REGAINED;

WITH
SELECT NOTES SUBJOINED:

TO WHICH IS ADDED
A COMPLETE COLLECTION
OF HIS
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,
BOTH
ENGLISH AND LATIN.

LONDON:

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FOR T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, J. JOHNSON, C. DILLY, G. O. AND J.
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HOOD, T. CADILL, JUNIOR, AND W. DAVIES, AND S. HAYES



P R E F A C E.

THE first volume contained the jewels of Milton's transcendent genius, regularly set and wrought into one grand complete work, forming a superb diadem or brilliant necklace of exquisite workmanship in the composition, as well as of immense value in the materials.

The present volume is enriched with diamonds and pearls of equal beauty, though scattered and detached; and may be compared to those smaller pieces which the Dedalcan hand of the same artist condescends to execute in miniature.

To praise the well known and universally admired poems which fill this volume would be pointing out the lustre of the sun, or the beautiful colours of the rainbow. Description indeed must ever fail in attempting to give adequate ideas of those delicate and refined excellences which are perceived by the sensibility of taste. Who can communicate by words the fragrance of the hyacinth or honeysuckle?

Milton's Latin poems have never been sufficiently commended. They are beautiful beyond most of the poetical productions in modern Latin. They are

PREFACE.

composed with the nicest art, and with a taste polished by a successful study of the most perfect models of antiquity. The elegiacs in particular flow with a plaintive tenderness, in words so charmingly selected and arranged, that they might be mistaken, if the subjects were not chiefly modern, for the genuine productions of Tibullus.

Both Latin and English are here exhibited to the reader with an elegance of type and paper corresponding with their own indescribable grace. The engravings, it is hoped, will be considered as adding an external and appropriate beauty to the casket which contains so choice an assemblage of brilliant and precious stones, richly variegated by nature, and highly polished by consummate art.

A selection of notes to the *Paradise Regained* is added, illustrative of geographical, historical, and verbal obscurities. That instructive poem has been less attended to than it deserves, through want of such illustration.

The two volumes, containing the poetical works of Milton complete, present to the public, in a due elegance of external form, the most brilliant ornaments of English poetry.

" 'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,
Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt
Keep not my happy station, but was driven
With them from bliss to the bottomless deep;
Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd
By rigour unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous prison I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of earth,
Or range in th' air, nor from the Heav'n of Heav'n's
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
I came among the sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;
And when to all his Angels he propos'd
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies
To his destruction, as I had in charge,
For what he bids I do: though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be belov'd of God, I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
On virtuous, I should so have lost all sense.
What can be then less in me than desire
To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy wisdom, and behold thy Godlike deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why should I? they to me

Never did wrong or violence; by them
 I lost not what I lost, rather by them
 I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
 Copartner in these regions of the world,
 If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,
 Oft my advice by prefaces and signs,
 And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,
 Whereby they may direct their future life.
 Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
 Companions of my misery and woe.
 At first it may be; but long since with woe
 Neerer acquainted, now I feel by proof,
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
 Nor lightens ought each man's peculiar load.
 Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:
 This wounds me most (what can it less?) that man,
 Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more "

To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd.
 " Deserv'dly thou griev'st, compos'd of ties
 From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
 Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns thou com'st indeed!
 As a poor miserable captive thrall
 Comes to the place where he before had sat
 Among the prime in splendour, now depos'd,
 Exalted, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, shunn'd,
 A spectacle of ruin or of scorn
 To all the host of Heav'n: the happy place
 Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy;
 Rather inflames thy torment, representing
 Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable;

So never more in Hell than when in Heaven.
But thou art serviceable to Heav'n's King.
Wilt thou impute to' obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to' afflict him
With all afflictions? but his patience won.
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles
By thee are giv'n, and what confess'd more true
Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy answers, what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
And not well understood as good not known?
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
Retur'd the wiser, or the more instruct
To fly or follow what concern'd him most,
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
For God hath justly giv'n the nations up
To thy delusions; justly, since they fell
Idolatrous: but when his purpose is
Among them to declare his providence
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
But from him or his angels president
In every province? who themselves disdaining
To approach thy temples, give thee in command
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say.

To thy adorers; thou, with trembling fear,
 Or like a fawning parasite, obey'ft;
 Then to thyself ascrib'ft the truth foretold.
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
 The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd.
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
 Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos or elsewhere,
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
 God hath now sent his living oracle
 Into the world to teach his final will,
 And sends his Spi'rit of truth henceforth to dwell
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle
 To all truth requisite for men to know."

So spake our Saviour: but the subtle Fiend,
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd.

"Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke;
 And urg'd me hard with doings, which 't will
 But misery hath wrested from me: where
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,
 And not enforc'd oft-times to part from truth;
 If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
 But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord;
 From thee I can and must submit endure
 Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
 Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to the ear,
 And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song;
 What wonder then if I delight to hear

Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)
And talk at least, though I despair to attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
To tread his sacred courts, and minister
About his altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing; and vouchsaf'd his voice
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
Inspir'd: disdain not such access to me."

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow,
"Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not, or forbid; do as thou find'st
Permission from above; thou canst not more."

He added not; and Satan bowing low
His grey dissimulation, disappear'd
Into thin air diffus'd: for now began
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAINED.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK II.

• MEANWHILE the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,
And on that high authority had believ'd,
And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others though in holy writ not nam'd,
Now missing him their joy so lately found,
So lately found, and so abruptly gone,
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
• Moses was in the mount, and missing long;
And the great Thiribite, who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.
Therefore as those young prophets then with care

Sought loft Elijah, fo in each place thefe
Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho
The city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,
Machærus, and each town or city wall'd
On this fide the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in Peræa; but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
Where winds with reeds and offiers whif'ring play,
Plain fifhermen, no greater men them call,
Close in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected lofs and complaints out breath'd.

“ Alas, from what high hope to what relapse
Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our eyes beheld
Meffiah certainly now come, fo long
Expected of our fathers; we have heard
His words, his wifdom full of grace and truth;
Now, now, for fure, deliverance is at hand,
The kingdom fhall to Ifrael be reftor'd:
Thus we rejoic'd, but foon our joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze:

For whither is he gone? what accident
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire,
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of Ifrael,
Send thy Meffiah forth, the time is come:
Behold the kings of th' earth how they opprefs
Thy chofen, to what height their pow'r unjuft
They have exalted, and behind them caft
All fear of thee: arife and vindicate
Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,

Sent his Anbinted, and to us reveal'd him,
 By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown
 In public, and with him we have convers'd:
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
 Lay on his providence; he will not fail,
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence;
 Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return."

Thus they out of their complaints new hope resume
 To find whom at the first they found unsought:
 But to his mother Mary, when she saw
 Others return'd from baptism, not her son,
 Nor left at Jordan tidings of him none,
 Within her breast though calm, her breast though
 pure,

Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
 Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.

" O what avails me now that honour high
 To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute,
 Ha! highly favour'd, among women blest!
 While I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,
 And fears as imminent, above the lot
 Of other women, by the birth I bore,
 In such a season born when scarce a shed
 Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
 From the bleak air; a stable was our warmth,
 A manger his; yet soon enforc'd to fly
 Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king
 Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
 With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;
 From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth

Hath been our dwelling many years; his life
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
 Little suspicious to any king; but now
 Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
 By John the Baptist, and in public shown,
 Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice;
 I look'd for some great change; to honor? no,
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
 That to the fall and rising he should be
 Of many in Israel, and to a sign
 Spoken against, that through my very soul
 A sword shall pierce; this is my favor'd lot,
 My exaltation to afflictions high;
 Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
 I will not argue that, nor will repine.
 But where delays he now? some great intent
 Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,
 I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
 He could not lose himself; but went about
 His Father's business; what he meant I mus'd,
 Since understand; much more his absence now
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
 But I to wait with patience am injur'd;
 My heart hath been a store-house long of things
 And sayings laid up, portending strange events."
 Thus Mary pond'ring oft, and oft to mind
 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
 Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
 Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
 The while her son tracing the desert wild,
 Sole but with holy meditations fed,

Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set;
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on earth, and mission high:
For Satan with sly preface to return
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council sat;
There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Solicitous and blank he thus began.

“ Princes, Heav’n’s ancient sons, ethereal thrones,
Demonian spirits now, from th’ element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call’d
Pow’rs of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and these mild seats
Without new trouble; such an enemy
Is risen to invade us, who no less
Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell.
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequency was impower’d,
Have found him, view’d him, tasted him, but find
Far other labour to be undergone,
Than when I dealt with Adam first of men,
Though Adam by his wife’s allurements fell,
However to this man inferior far,
If he be man by mother’s side at least,
With more than human gifts from Heav’n adorn’d,
Perfections absolute, graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.
Therefore I am return’d, lest confidence
Of my success with Eve in Paradise

Deceive ye to persuasion over-fure
 Of like succeeding here; I summon all
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand
 Or counsel to assist; lest I who erst
 Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd."

So spake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all
 With clamour was assur'd their utmost aid
 At his command; when from amidst them rose
 Belial, the dissoluteſt ſpi'rit that fell,
 The ſenfualeft, and after Aſmodai
 The fleſhlieft incubus, and thus advis'd

"Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
 Among daughters of men the faireſt found;
 Many are in each region paſſing fair
 As the noon ſky; more like to goddeſſes
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and diſcreet,
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
 Perſuaſive, virgin majeſty with mild
 And ſweet allay'd, yet terrible t' approach,
 Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
 Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
 Such object hath the pow'r to ſoft'n and tame
 Severest temper, ſmooth the rugged'ſt brow,
 Enerve, and with voluptuous hope diſſolve,
 Draw out with credulous deſire, and lead
 At will the manlieſt, reſoluteſt breaſt,
 As the magnetic hardeſt iron draws
 Women, when nothing elſe, beguil'd the heart
 Of wiſeſt Solomon, and made him build,
 And made him bow to the gods of his wives."

To whom quick anſwer Satan thus return'd.

“ Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh’st
All others by thyself; because of old
Thou thyself doat’st on womankind, admiring
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think’st, but taken with such toys.
Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,
False titled sons of God, roaming the earth
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk’st,
In wood or grove by mossy fountain side,
In valley or green meadow, to way-lay.
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more
Too long, then lay’st thy scapes on names ador’d,
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
Satir, or Faun, or Sylvan? But these haunts
Delight not all; among the sons of men,
How many have with a false made small account
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn’d
All her assaults, on worthier things intent!
Remember that Pellean conqueror,
A youth, how all the beauties of the east
He slightly view’d, and slightly overpass’d;
How he firman’d of Africa dismiss’d
In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid.
For Solonion, he liv’d at ease, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim’d not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state;

Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:
But he whom we attempt is wiser far
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment
Of greatest things; what woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
Of fond desire? or should'st she confident,
As sitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
Th' enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell;
How would one look from his majestic brow
Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,
Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout
All her array; her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe! for beauty's stands
In th' admiration only of weak minds
Led captive, cease to' admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd:
Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy, with such as have more show
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise;
Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd;
Or that which only seems to satisfy
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond;
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wide wilderness;
The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay."

He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim,
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
 Of spirits likest to himself in guile,
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
 If cause were to unfold some active scene
 Of various persons, each to know his part;
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight;
 Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
 After forty days fasting had remain'd,
 Now hung'ring first, and to himself thus said.

"Where will this end? four times ten days I've pass'd
 Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that fast
 To virtue I impute not, or count part
 Of what I suffer here; if nature need not,
 Or God support nature without repast
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
 But now I feel hunger, which declares
 Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God
 Can satisfy that need some other way.
 Though hunger still remain, so I remain
 Without this body's waste, I content me,
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm,
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
 Me hung'ring more to do my Father's will."

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
 Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down
 Under the hospitable covert night
 Of trees thick interwoven, there he slept,
 And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
 Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.

Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,
 And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
 Food to Elijah bringing ev'n and morn,
 Though ravenous, taught t' abstain from what they
 brought:

He saw the prophet also how he fled
 Into the desert, and how there he slept
 Under a juniper; then how, awak'd,
 He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,
 And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
 And eat the second time after repose,
 The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;
 Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
 Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
 Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark
 Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry
 The morn's approach, and greet her with his song
 As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
 Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;
 Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.
 Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
 If cottage were in view, sheep-cote or herd;
 But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote none he saw,
 Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
 With chant of tuneful birds resounding loud;
 Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
 To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
 High roof'd, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
 That open'd in the midst of woody scene;
 Nature's own work it seem'd (nature taught art)

And to a superstitious eye the haunt
 Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs; he view'd it round,
 When suddenly a man before him stood,
 Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
 As one in city, or court, or palace bred,
 And with fair speech these words to him address'd.

"With granted leave officious I return,
 But much more wonder that the Son of God
 In this wild solitude so long should bide
 Of all things destitute, and well I know,
 Not without hunger. Others of some note,
 As story tells, have trod this wilderness;
 The fugitive bond-woman with her son
 Out-cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
 By a providing angel; all the race
 Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
 Rain'd from Heav'n manna; and that prophet bold,
 Native of Thebez, wand'ring here, was fed
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat:
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
 Forty and more deserted here indeed."

To whom thus Jesus. "What conclud'st thou hence?
 They all had need, I, as thou seest, have none."

"How hast thou hunger then?" Satan reply'd.
 "Tell me if food were now before thee set,
 Would'st thou not eat?" "Thereafter as I like
 The giver," answer'd Jesus. "Why should that
 Cause thy refusal?" said the subtle fiend.
 "Hast thou not right to all created things?
 Owe not all creatures by just right to thee
 Duty and service, not to stay till bid."

But tender all their pow'r^d nor mention I
 Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first
 'To idols, those young Danai could refuse;
 Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who
 Would scruple that, with want oppress'd^d Behold,
 Nature asham'd, or better to express,
 Troubled that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd
 From all the elements her choicest store
 To treat thee as befits, and as her lord
 With honour, only deign to sit and eat."

He spake no dream, for as his words had end,
 Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
 In ample space under the broadest shade
 A table richly spread, in regal mode,
 With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort
 And favour, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
 In pastry built, or from the spit, or boid,
 Gis-amber-steam'd, all fish from sea & shore,
 Fishet, or purling brook, of shell or fin,
 And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
 Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
 Alas how simple, to these eates compar'd,
 Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!
 And at a stately side-board, by the wine
 That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
 Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
 Than Ganymed or Hylas, distant more
 Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood,
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
 With fruits and flow'rs from Amalthea's horn,
 And ladies of th' Hesperides, that seem'd

Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
 Of faery damsels met in forest wide
 By knights of Logres, or of Iyones,
 Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pelleore
 And all the while harmonious airs were heard
 Of chiming strings, or charming pipes, and winds
 Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd
 From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.
 Such was the splendour, and the Tempter now
 His invitation earnestly renew'd

"What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
 These are not fruits forbidden, no interdiction
 Detends the touching of these viands pure,
 Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
 Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
 All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,
 Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay
 Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their lord
 What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and eat."

To whom thus Jesus temperately repli'd.
 "Said'st thou not that t^h all things I had right?
 And who withhold^s my pow'r that right to use?
 Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
 When and where likes me best, I can command?
 I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
 Command a table in this wilderness,
 And call swift flights of angels ministrant
 Array'd in glory on my cup to attend.
 • Why shouldst thou then obstruct this diligence,
 In vain, where no acceptance can find?"

And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
 Thy pompous delicacies I condemn,
 And count thy specious gifts no gifts but guiles "
 To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent
 " That I have also pow'r to give thou seest;
 If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
 What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,
 And rather opportunely in this place
 Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
 Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see
 What I can do or offer is suspect;
 Of these things others quickly will dispose,
 Whose pains have earn'd the far fet spoil.' With that
 Both table and provision vanish quite
 With sound of harpies wings, and talons heard,
 Only the importune Tempter still remain'd,
 And with these words his temptation pursu'd.

" By hunger, that each other creature tames,
 Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
 Thy temperance invincible besides,
 For no allurement yields to appetite,
 And all thy heart is set on high designs,
 High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?
 Great acts require great means of enterprise;
 Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
 A carpenter thy father known, thyself
 Bred up in poverty and straits at home,
 Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit:
 Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire
 To greatness? whence authority deriv'd?
 What followers, what renown canst thou gain,

Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,
 Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
 Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms:
 What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,
 And his son Herod plac'd on Judah's throne,
 (Thy throne) but gold that got him puissant friends?
 Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive,
 Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
 Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;
 Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
 They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
 While virtue, valour, wisdom sit in want."

To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd.
 " Yet wealth without these three is impotent
 To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
 Witness those ancient empires of the earth,
 In height of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:
 But men endued with these have oft attain'd
 In lowest poverty to highest deeds;
 Gideon, and Jephthah, and the shepherd lad,
 Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat
 So many ages, and shall yet regain
 That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
 Among the heathen, (for throughout the world
 To me is not unknown what hath been done
 Worthy of memorial) canst thou not remember
 Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
 For esteem those names of men so poor
 Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
 Riches though offer'd from the hand of kings.
 And, what in me seems wanting, but that I

May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do ought may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms; yet not for that a crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
Which every wise and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and knowing worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no sincere delight.
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought

Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a sceptre, oft best better mis'd."

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAINED.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK III.

So spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
A while as mute confounded what to say,
What to reply, confuted and convinc'd
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
At length collecting all his serpent wiles,
With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts.
"I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,
Thy counsel would be as the oracle
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
On Aaron's breast; or tongue of seers old
Infallible: or wert thou sought to deeds
That might require th' array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such, that all the world

Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
 In battle, though against thy few in arms.
 These god-like virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
 Affecting private life, or more obscure
 In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive
 All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
 The fame and glory, glory the reward
 That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
 Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure
 Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
 And dignities and powers all but the highest?
 Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son
 Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
 Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
 At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down
 The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd
 The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.
 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
 Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
 The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd
 With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long
 Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late."
 To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.
 "Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
 For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
 For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
 For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
 The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd?
 And what the people but a herd confus'd,

A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth the
praise?
They praise, and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?
His lot who dares be singularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God
Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
To all his angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises: thus he did to Job,
When to extend his fame through Heav'n and Earth,
As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,
He ask'd thee, 'Hast thou seen my servant Job?'
Famous he was in Heav'n, on Earth less known;
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighb'ring, or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,

And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods
 Great Benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
 Worshipp'd with temple, priest and sacrifice;
 One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
 Till conqueror death discover them scarce men,
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.
 But if there be in glory ought of good;
 It may by means far different be attain'd
 Without ambition, war, or violence;
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
 By patience, temperance: I mention still
 Him whom thy wrongs with faintly patience borne
 Made famous in a land and times obscure;
 Who names not now with honour patient Job?
 Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
 By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
 Yet if for fame and glory ought be done,
 Ought suffer'd; if young African for fame
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
 The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,
 Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.
 To whom the Tempter murmur'ing thus reply'd.
 "Think not so slight of glory; therein least
 Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,

And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs; nor content in Heaven
By all his angels glorify'd, requires
Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift
Glory he requires, and glory he receives
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
From us his foes pronounc'd glory he exacts."

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.
" And reason; since his word all things produc'd,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to shew forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable to every soul
Freely; of whom what could he less expect
Than glory and benediction, that is thanks,
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
From them who could return him nothing else,
And not returning that would likeliest render
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?
Hard recompense, unfuitable return
For so much good, so much beneficence.
But why should man seek glory, who' of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
Who for so many benefits receiv'd
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil'd,
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
That which to God alone of right belongs;

Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance."

So spake the Son of God; and here again
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin, for he himself
Insatiable of glory had lost all,
Yet of another plea bethought him soon.

"Of glory, as thou wilt," said he, "so deem,
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass:
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To sit upon thy father David's throne;
By mother's side thy father; though thy right
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
Easily from possession won with arms:
Judea now and all the promis'd land,
Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd
With temperate sway; oft have they violated
The temple, oft the law with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain
Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?
So did not Maccabeus: he indeed
Retir'd unto the desert, but with arms;
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,
That by strong hand his family obtain'd,
Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd
With Modin and her suburbs once content.
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty; zeal and duty are not slow;

BOOK III. PARADISE REGAINED.

But on occasion's forelock watchful wait:
 They themselves rather are occasion best,
 Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free
 Thy country from her heathen servitude;
 So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify
 The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign;
 The happier reign the sooner it begins;
 Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.
 "All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,
 And time there is for all things, Truth hath said:
 If of my reign prophetic writ hath told,
 That it shall never end, so when begin
 The father in his purpose hath decreed,
 He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
 What if he hath decreed that I shall first
 Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,
 By tribulations, injuries, insults,
 Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
 Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
 What I can suffer, how obey? who best
 Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
 Well hath obey'd; just trial ere I merit
 My exaltation without change or end.
 But what concerns it thee when I begin
 My everlasting kingdom, why art thou
 Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition?
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?"

To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd.

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"Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
 Of my reception into grace; what worse
 For where no hope is left, is left no fear:
 If there be worse, the expectation more
 Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
 I would be at the worst; worst is my port,
 My harbour and my ultimate repose,
 The end I would attain, my final good.
 My error was my error, and my crime
 My crime; whatever for itself condemn'd,
 And will alike be punish'd, whether thou
 Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow
 Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
 From that placid aspect and meek regard,
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,
 Would stand between me and thy Father's ire
 (Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell)
 A shelter and a kind of shading cool
 Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
 If I then to the worst that can be haste,
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
 Happiest both to thyself and all the world,
 That thou who worthiest art should'st be their king
 Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd
 Of th' enterprise so hazardous and high;
 No wonder, for though in thee be united
 What of perfection can in man be found,
 Or human nature can receive, consider
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
 At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,
 And once a year Jerusalem, few days

Short sojourn; and what thence could'st thou observe?
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
Best school of best experience, quickest insight
In all things that to greatest actions lead.
The wisest, unexperienc'd, will be ever
Timorous and loath, with novice modesty,
(As he who seeking asses found a kingdom)
Irresolute, unhardy, unadvent'rous:
But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
The monarchies of th' earth, their pomp and state,
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,
And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know
How best their opposition to withstand."

With that (such pow'r was giv'n him then) he took
The Son of God up to a mountain high.
It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain out-stretch'd in circuit wide
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,
Th' one winding, th' other strait, and left between
Fair champain with less rivers intervein'd,
Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea:
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine;
With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills;
Huge cities and high tow'r'd, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large
The prospect was, that here and there was room
For barren desert fountainless and dry.
To this high mountain top the Tempter brought

Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

“ Well have we speeded, and o’er hill and dale,
Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,
Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold’st
Assyria and her empire’s ancient bounds,
Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,
And inaccessible th’ Arabian drouth:
Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy father David’s house
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis
His city there thou seest, and Bactra there,
Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,
The drink of none but kings; of later fame
Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands,
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
Artaxata, Terebon, Ctesiphon,
Turning with easy eye thou may’st behold.
All these the Parthian, now some ages past,
By great Arsaces led, who founded first
That empire, under his dominion holds,

- From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view
 Of his great pow'r; for now the Parthian king
 In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host
 Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
 Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
 He marches now in haste; see, though from far,
 His thousands, in what martial equipage
 They issue forth, steel bows, and shafts their arms
 Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;
 All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
 See how in warlike muster they appear,
 In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons and wings."
 He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless
 The city gates out-pour'd, light armed troops
 In coats of mail and military pride;
 In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
 Prauncing their riders bore, the flower and choice
 Of many provinces from bound to bound;
 From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
 And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
 Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,
 From Atropasia and the neighb'ring plains
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
 Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.
 He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd,
 How quick they wheel'd, and fly'ng behind them shot
 Sharp fleet of arrowy showers against the face
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown:
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn

Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight, ·
 Chariots or elephants indors'd with towers ·
 Of archers, nor of labring pioneers
 A multitude with spades and axes arm'd
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
 Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke,
 Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
 And waggon's fraught with utensils of war
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
 When Agrican with all his northern powers
 Besieg'd Albiacca, as romances tell,
 The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
 The fairest of her sex Angelica
 His daughter, fought by many prowess knights,
 Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain
 Such and so numerous was their chivalry,
 At fight whereof the Friend yet more presum'd,
 And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd

"That thou may'st know I seek not to engage"
 Thy virtue and not every way secure
 On no slight grounds thy safety, hear, and mark
 To what end I have brought thee hither and shown
 All this fair fight thy kingdom though foretold
 By prophet or by angel, unless thou
 Endeavour, as thy father David did,
 Thou never shalt obtain, prediction full
 In all things, and all men, supposes means,
 Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes
 But say thou wert possid'd of David's throne
 By free consent of all, none opposite,

Samaritan or Jew; how could'st thou hope
 Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,
 Between two such inclosing enemies
 Roman and Parthian? therefore one of these
 Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late
 Found able by invasion to annoy
 Thy country, and captive lead away her kings
 Antigonus. and old Hyrcanus bound,
 Maugre the Roman: it shall be my task
 To render thee the Parthian at dispose;
 Choose which thou wilt by conquest or by league.
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
 That which alone can truly reinstall thee
 In David's royal seat, his true successor,
 Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes
 Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,
 In Habor, and among the Medes dispers'd;
 Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph lost
 Thus long from Israel, serving as of old
 Their fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,
 This offer sets before thee to deliver.
 These if from servitude thou shalt restore
 To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
 Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
 From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond
 Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear."

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd.
 "Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
 And fragil arms, much instrument of war
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,

Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,
Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.
Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else
Will unpredict and fail me of the throne:
My time I told thee (and that time for thee
Were better farthest off) is not yet come;
When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
On my part ought endeavouring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome
Luggage of war there shown me, argument
Of human weakness rather than of strength,
My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes
I must deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway
To just extent over all Israel's sons;
But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride
Of numbring Israel, which cost the lives
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
By three days' pestilence? such was thy zeal
To Israel then, the same that now to me.
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worship calves, the deities
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
And all th' idolatries of Heathen round,
Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity

Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
The God of their forefathers; but so dy'd
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,
And God with idols in their worship join'd.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who freed, as to their ancient patrimony,
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,
Headlong would follow; and to their gods perhaps
Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve
Their enemies, who serve idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
Rememb'ring Abraham, by some wond'rous call
May bring them back repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave th' Assyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haste,
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the promis'd land their fathers pass'd;
To his due time and providence I leave them."

So spake Israel's true king, and to the Fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAINED.

PARADISE REGAINED.



BOOK IV.

PREFLEX'D and troubled at his bad success
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve,
So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve,
This was his over-match, who, self-deceiv'd
And rash, beforehand had no better weigh'd
The strength he was to cope with, or his own.
But as a man who had been matchless held
In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,
To save his credit, and for very spite,
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
On surging waves against a solid rock,

Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,
 Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end;
 So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
 Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
 Yet gives not o'er, though desp'rate of success,
 And his vain importunity pursues.
 He brought our Saviour to the western side
 Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
 Another plain, long but in breadth not wide,
 Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north
 To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
 That screen'd the fruits of th' earth and seats of men
 From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst
 Divided by a river, of whose banks
 On each side an imperial city stood,
 With tow'rs and temples proudly elevate
 On sev'n small hills, with palaces adorn'd,
 Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
 Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
 Gardens and groves presented to his eyes,
 Above the height of mountains interpos'd:
 By what strange parallax or optic skill
 Of vision multiply'd through air, or glass
 Of telescope, were curious to inquire:
 And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.

"The city which thou seest no other deem
 Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth
 So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd
 Of nations; there the capitol thou seest
 Above the rest lifting his stately head
 On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel

Inpregnable, and there mount Palatine,
 Th' imperial palace, compass huge, and high
 The structure, skill of noblest architects,
 With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
 Turrets and terraces, and glitt'ring spires.
 Many a fair edifice besides, more like
 Houses of gods, (so well I have dispos'd
 My aery microscope) thou may'st behold
 Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
 Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers
 In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.
 Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
 What conflux issuing forth, or ent'ring in,
 Pretors, proconsuls to their provinces
 Hast'ning, or on return, in robes of state;
 Victors and rods, the ensigns of their pow'r,
 Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings:
 Or embassies from regions far remote
 In various habits on the Appian road,
 Or on th' Æmilian, some from farthest south,
 Syene', and where the shadow both way falls,
 Meroe Nilotic isle, and more to west,
 The realm of Hocchus to the Black-moor sea;
 From th' Asian kings, and Parthian among these,
 From India and the golden Chersonese,
 And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,
 Dusk faces with white filken turbans wreath'd;
 From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,
 Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay,

To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain
In ample territory, wealth and power,
Civility of manners, arts and arms,
And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer
Before the Parthian; these two thrones except,
The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the fight
Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd;
These having shown thee, I have shown thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
This emp'rour hath no son, and now is old,
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd
To Capricæ an island small but strong
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked favourite
All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,
Hated of all, and hating; with what ease,
Indur'd with regal virtues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might it thou expel this monster from his throne
Now made a sty, and in his place ascending
A victor people free from servile yoke?
And with my help thou may'st; to me the power
Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no less than all the world.
Aim at the high'est, without the high'est attain'd
Will be for thee no fitting, or not long,
On David's throne, be prophesied what will."

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
"Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,

More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
 Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell
 Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
 On citron tables or Atlantic stone,
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read)
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
 Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
 Crystal and myrrhine cups imbosh'd with gems
 And studs of pearl, to me should'st tell who thirst
 And hunger still: then embassies thou show'st
 From nations far and nigh; what honour that,
 But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
 So many hollow compliments and lies,
 Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk
 Of th' emperor, how easily subdued,
 How gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expel
 A brutish monster: what if I withal
 Expel a devil who first made him such?
 Let his tormenter conscience find him out;
 For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
 That people victor once, now vile and base,
 Deservedly made vassal, who once just,
 Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,
 But govern ill the nations under yoke,
 Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
 By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity;
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood inur'd
 Of fighting beasts. and men to beasts expos'd,
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
 And from the daily scene effeminate.

What wife and valiant man would seek to free
 These thus degenerate, by themselves enslav'd,
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free?
 Know therefore when my season comes to sit
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
 All monarchies besides throughout the world,
 And of my kingdom there shall be no end.
 Means there shall be to this, but what the means,
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell."

To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd,
 "I see all offers made by me how slight
 Thou valuest, because offered, and reject'st.
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
 Or nothing more than still to contradict
 On th' other side know also thou, that I
 On what I offer set as high esteem,
 Nor what I part with mean to give for nought,
 All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
 The kingdoms of the world to thee I give;
 For given to me, I give to whom I please,
 No trifle, yet with this reserve, not else,
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
 And worship me as thy superior lord,
 Easily done, and hold them all of me;
 For what can less to great a gift deserve?"

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain
 "I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less,
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter
 These abominable terms, impious condition;

But I endure the time, till which expir'd,
 Thou hast permission on me. It is written
 The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship
 The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;
 And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
 To worship thee accur's'd, now more accur's'd
 For this attempt bolder than that on Eve,
 And more blasphemous, which expect to rue.
 The kingdoms of the world to thee were given,
 Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd;
 Other donation none thou canst produce
 It giv'n, by whom but by the king of kings,
 'God, over all supreme' if giv'n to thee,
 By thee how fairly is the giver now
 Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
 As offer them to me the Son of God,
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
 That I fall down and worship thee as God?
 Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st
 That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd."

To whom the Fiend with fear abash'd reply'd.
 "Be not so sore offended, Son of God,
 Though sons of God both angels are and men,
 If I to try whether in higher sort
 Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
 What both from men and angels I receive,
 Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
 Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
 God of this world invok'd and world beneath;
 Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold

To me so fatal, me it most concerns.
 The trial hath indamag'd thee no way,
 Rather more honour left and more esteem;
 Me nought advantag'd, missing what I aimed.
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
 The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
 Advise thee, gain them as thou canst, or not.
 And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclin'd
 Than to a worldly crown, addict'd more
 To contemplation and profound dispute,
 As by that early action may be judg'd,
 When slipping from thy mother's eye thou went'st
 Alone into the temple; there wast found
 Among the gravest rabbies disputant
 On points and questions fitting Moses chair,
 Teaching not taught; the childhood shows the man,
 As morning shows the day. Be famous then
 By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
 All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses law,
 The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote;
 The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
 To admiration, led by nature's light;
 And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
 Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st;
 Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
 Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
 How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
 Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
 -Error by his own arms is best evinc'd.

Look once more ere we leave this specular mount
Westward, much nearer by southwest, behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academic,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flow'ry hill Hymettus with the sound
Of bees industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whisp'ring stream: within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit,
By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions, and high passions best describing;

Thence to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
 Shook th' aërial and fulmin'd over Greece,
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes throne:
 To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From Heav'n descended to the low-roof'd house
 Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
 Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
 Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools
 Of Academics old and new, with those
 Surnam'd Peripatetics, and the sect
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
 These rules will render thee a king complete
 Within thyself, much more with empire join'd."

To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd.
 "Think not but that I know these things, or think
 I know them not; not therefore am I short
 Of knowing what I ought: he who receives
 Light from above, from the fountain of light,
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
 The first and wisest of them all profess'd
 To know this only, that he nothing knew;
 The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits;
 A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
 Others in virtue plac'd felicity,

But virtue join'd with riches and long life;
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;
The Stoic last in philosophic pride,
By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
Equals to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas! what can they teach, and not mislead,
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none,
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets;
An empty cloud. However many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep vers'd in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,

And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge.
 As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
 Or if I would delight my private hours
 With music or with poem, where so soon
 As in our native language can I find
 That solace? All our law and story strow'd
 With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,
 Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon,
 That pleas'd so well our victors ear, declare
 That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd;
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
 The vices of their deities, and their own
 In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
 Remove their swelling epithets thick laid
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
 Thin sown with ought of profit or delight,
 Will far be found unworthy to compare
 With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
 Where God is prais'd aright, and god-like men,
 The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints;
 Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee,
 Unless where moral virtue is express'd
 By light of nature not in all quite lost.
 Their orators thou then extoll'st, as these
 The top of eloquence, statists indeed,
 And lovers of their country, as may seem;
 But herein to our prophets far beneath,
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching
 The solid rules of civil government
 — In their majestic unaffected style

Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
These only with our law best form a king."

So spake the Son of God; but Satan now
Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply'd.

"Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor ought
By me propos'd in life contemplative,
Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,
What dost thou in this world? the wilderness
For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,
And thither will return thee; yet remember
What I foretel thee, soon thou shalt have cause
To wish thou never hadst rejected thus
Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
Which would have set thee in short time with ease
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,
When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.
Now contrary, if I read ought in Heaven,
Or heav'n write ought of fate, by what the stars
Voluminous, or single characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate
Attends thee; scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death;
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric I discern not,

Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefix'd
Directs me in the starry rubric set."

So saying he took (for still he knew his power
Not yet ~~expir'd~~) and to the wilderness
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As day-light sunk, and brought in louring night:
Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light and absent day,
Our Saviour met and with untroubled mind
After his airy jaunt, though hurried fore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
Whose branching arms thick interwin'd might shield
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,
But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head
The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturb'd his sleep; and either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire
In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds.
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
Bow'd their stiff necks, laden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st
Unshaken; nor yet stay'd the terror there,

Infernal ghosts, and Hellish furies, round
Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.
Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey,
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds.
And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had rais'd
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Whom all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
To gratulate the sweet return of morn;
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
Was absent, after all his mischief done,
The prince of darkness, glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage,
And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
And in a careless mood thus to him said.

“ Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
After a dismal night; I heard the wrack

As earth and sky would mingle; but myself
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them
As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven,
Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable,
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
To man's less universe, and soon are gone;
Yet as being oft times noxious where they light
On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,
Like turbulences in th' affairs of men,
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
They oft fore-signify and threaten ill:
This tempest at this desert most was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfect season offer'd with my aid
To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of fate, pursue thy way
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told,
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightliest done,
Not when it must, but when it may be best.
If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
So many terrours, voices, prodigies
May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign."

So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
And stay'd not, but in brief him answer'd thus.

"Me worfe than wet thou find'st not; other harm
Those terrours which thou speak'st of, did me none;
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
And threat'ning nigh; what they can do as signs
Bodekening, or ill boding, I contemn
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
At least might seem to hold all pow'r of thee,
Ambitious spi'rit, and would'st be thought my God,
And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrify
Me to thy will; desist, thou art discern'd
And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest."

To whom the Fiend, now swoln with rage, reply'd.

"Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born;
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt:
Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
By all the prophets; of thy birth at length
Announc'd by Gabriel with the first I knew,
And of th' angelic song in Bethlehem field,
On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.
From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
Till at the ford, of Jordan whither all
Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,
Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from Heaven
Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.

Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
The Son of God, which bears no single sense;
The Son of God I also am, or was,
And if I was, I am; relation stands;
All men are sons of God; yet thee I thought
In some respect far higher so declar'd.
Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;
Where by all best conjectures I collect
Thou art to me my fatal enemy.
Good reason then, if I before-hand seek
To understand my adversary, who
And what he is; his wisdom, pow'r, intent;
By parl, or composition, truce, or league
To win him, or win from him what I can.
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
Proof against all temptation, as a rock
Of adamant, and as a centre, firm,
To th' utmost of mere man both wise and good,
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,
Have been before contemn'd, and may again:
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,
Another method I must now begin."

So saying he caught him up, and without wing
Of hippogrif bore through the air sublime
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain;

'Till underneath them' fair Jerufalem,
The holy city lifted high her towers,
And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabafter, topt with golden fpires:
There on the higheft pinnacle he fet
The Son of God, and added thus in fcorn.

“ There ftand, if thou wilt ftand; to ftand upright
Will ask thee fkill; I to thy Father's houfe
Have brought thee, and higheft plac'd, higheft is beft,
Now fhew thy progeny; if not to ftand,
Caft thyfelf down; fafely, if Son of God:
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands
They fhall uplift thee, left at any time
Thou chance to dafh thy foot againft a ftone.”

To whom thus Jefus; “ Alfo it is written,
Tempt not the Lord thy God: he faid, and ftood:”
But Satan fmitten with amazement fell.
As When earth's fon Antæus (to compare
Small things with greateft) in Irappa ftrove
With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd ftill rofe,
Receiving from his mother earth new ftrength,
Frefh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th' air, expir'd and fell;
So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
Renewing freft affaults, amidft his pride
Fell whence he ftood to fee his victor fall.
And as that Theban monfter that propos'd
Her riddle, and him, who folv'd it not, devour'd,

That once found out and solv'd; for grief and spite
Cast herself headlong from th' Ismenian steep;
So struck with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
Joyless triumphals of his hop'd success,
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell, and straight a fiery globe
Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plummy vans receiv'd him soft
From his uneasy station, and up bore
As on a floating couch through the blithe air,
Then in a flow'ry valley set him down
On a green bank, and set before him spread
A table of celestial food, divine,
Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,
And from the fount of life ambrosial drink,
That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd
What hunger, if ought hunger had impair'd,
Or thirst; and as he fed, angelic quires
Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.

True image of the Father, whether thron'd
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heav'n, inshrin'd
In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,
Wand'ring the wilderness, whatever place,
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with godlike force indued
Against th' attempter of thy Father's throne,

And thief of Paradise; him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast
With all his army, now thou hast aveng'd
Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise;
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare set foot
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to reinstall
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
Of Tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, infernal Serpent, shalt not long
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star
Or lightning thou shalt fall from Heav'n, trod down
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd,
Shall chace thee with the terrour of his voice
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,
Lest he command them down into the deep
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
Hail Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,

Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind.

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung victor, and from heav'nly feast refresh'd
Brought on his way with joy; he unobserv'd
Home to his mother's house private return'd.

END OF PARADISE REGAINED.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

Λ

DRAMATIC POEM.

Τραγωδία μιμησις πράξεως σπυδαίας, &c.

TRAGŒDIA EST IMITATIO ACTIONIS SERIÆ, ETC. PER
MISERICORDIAM ET METUM PERFICIENS TALIAM
AFFECTUUM LUSTRATIONEM;

ARISTOT. POET. CAP. 6.

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM
WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the graveſt, moſt ſolemn, and moſt profitable of all other poems: therefore ſaid by Ariſtotle to be of power by raiſing pity and fear, or terrour, to purge the mind of thoſe and ſuch like paſſions, that is, to temper and reduce them to juſt meaſure with a kind of delight, ſtirred up by reading or ſeeing thoſe paſſions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his aſſertion: for ſo in phyſic things of melancholic hue and quality are uſed againſt melancholy, ſour againſt ſour, ſalt to remove ſalt humours. Hence philoſophers and other graveſt writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illuſtrate their diſcourſe. The apoſtle Paul himſelf thought it not unworthy to inſert a verſe of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33; and Paræus commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts diſtinguiſhed each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and ſong between. Heretofore men in highſt dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to

compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax; but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca the philosopher is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is entitled Christ Suffering. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the poets error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle, in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before hand may be epistled; that chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apole-

lymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe or Epód, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called Allæostropha. Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

THE ARGUMENT.

Samson made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place high, somewhat retired, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatnings to fetch him: the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterwards more distinctly relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.

MANOAH, THE FATHER OF SAMSON.

DALILA, HIS WIFE.

HARAPHA OF GATH.

PUBLIC OFFICER.

MESSANGER.

CHORUS OF DANITES.

THE SCENE BEFORE THE PRISON IN GAZA.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

SAMSON.

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
• There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily' in the common prison else injoin'd me,
Where I a prisoner, chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp, .
• Unwholesome draught; but here I feel amends,
• The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm

Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
 But rush upon me thronging, and present
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now,
 O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold
 Twice by an angel, who at last in fight
 Of both my parents all in flames ascended
 From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
 As in a fiery column charioting
 His godlike presence, and from some great act
 Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
 Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed
 As of a person separate to God,
 Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
 Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
 Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
 To grind in brazen fetters under task
 With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength
 Put to the labour of a beast, debas'd
 Lower than bondslave! Promise was that I
 Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
 Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
 Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
 Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke:
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
 Divine prediction; what if all foretold
 Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
 Whom have I to complain of but myself?
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
 In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
 Under the seal of silence could not keep,
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it,

- O'ercome with importunity and tears.
 Q impotence of mind, in body strong!
- But what is strength without a double share
 Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
 - Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
 - By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command!
 - God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
 But peace, I must not quarrel with the will
 Of highest dispensation, which herein
 Haply had ends above my reach to know:
 - Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
 And proves the source of all my miseries;
 So many, and so huge, that each apart
 Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
 - Light the prime work of God to me' is extinct,
 - And all her various objects of delight
 - Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,
 They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
 In pow'r of others, never in my own;
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse

Without all hope of day!
O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the fight
To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And bury'd; but O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,
Bury'd, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are these? for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet steering this way;
Perhaps my enemies who come to stare

At my affliction, and perhaps t' insult,
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

CHORUS.

This, this is he; softly a while,
Let us not break in upon him;
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,
With languish'd head unpropt,
As one past hope, abandon'd,
And by himself given over;
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'er-worn and soil'd;

Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
That heroic, that renown'd,
Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd
No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could with-
stand;

Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,
Ran on impattl'd armies clad in iron,
And weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
Adamantean proof;
But safest he who stood aloof,
When insupportably his foot advanc'd,
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite
Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd
Their plated backs under his heel;
Or grov'ling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust:

Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
 A thousand foreskins fell, the flow'r of Palestine,
 In Ramath-lechi famous to this day.
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulder
 bore

The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
 No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so;
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven.

Which shall I first bewail,

Thy bondage or lost fight,

Prison within prison

Indeclinably dark ?

Thou art become (O worst imprisonment¹)

The dungeon of thyself, thy soul

(Which men enjoying fight oft without cause com-
 plain)

Imprison'd now indeed,

In real darkness of the body dwells,

Shut up from outward light

T' incorporate with gloomy night;

For inward light alas

Puts forth no visual beam.

O mirror of our fickle state,

Since man on earth unparallel'd¹

The rarer thy example stands,

By how much from the top of wond'rous glory,

Strongest of mortal men,

To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.

For him I reckon not in high estate

- Whom long descent of birth
 Or the sphere of fortune raises;
 But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
 Might have subdued the earth,
 Universally crown'd with highest praises.

SAMSON.

- I hear the sound of words, their sense the air
 Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

CHORUS.

- He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,
 The glory late of Israel, now the grief,
 We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown
 From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale
 To visit or bewail thee, or if better,
 Counsel or consolation we may bring,
 Salve to thy woes, apt words have pow'r to swage
 The tumours of a troubled mind,
 And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

SAMSON.

- Your coming, friends, revives me, for I learn
 Now of my own experience, not by talk,
 How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
 Bear in their superscription, (of the most
 I would be understood) in prosperous days
 They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
 Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
 How many evils have inclos'd me round;
 Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me
 Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,
 How could I once look up, or heave the head,
 Who like a foolish pilot have shipwreck'd

My vessel trusted to me from above,
 Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,
 Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful woman? tell me, friends,
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
 In every street? do they not say, how well
 Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?
 Immeasurable strength they might behold
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
 This with the other should, at least, have pair'd,
 These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

CHORUS.

Tax not divine disposal; wisest men
 I have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd;
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
 Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;
 Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
 Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather
 Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
 At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

SAMSON.

The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd
 Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed
 The daughter of an infidel: they knew not
 That what I motion'd was of God; I knew
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
 The marriage on; that by occasion hence
 I might begin Israel's deliverance,
 The work to which I was divinely call'd.
 She proving false, the next I took to wife

- (O that I never had !' fond with too late,)
 Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
 That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.
 I thought it lawful from my former act,
 And the same end; still watching to oppress
 Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
 Who vanquish'd with a peal of words (O weakness!)
 Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

CHORUS.

In seeking just occasion to provoke
 The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
 Thou never wast remiss. I bear thee witness.
 Yet Israel still serves with all his sons.

SAMSON.

- That fault I take not on me, but transfer
 On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,
 Who seeing those great acts, which God had done
 Singly by me against their conquerors,
 Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd
 Deliv'rance offer'd: I on th' other side
 Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the
 doer;
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
 To count them things worth notice, till at length
 Their lords the Philistines with gather'd pow'rs
 Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd,
 Not flying, but forecasting in what place
 To set upon them, what advantag'd best:

Mean while the men of Judah, to prevent
 The haraſs of their land, beſet me round;
 I willingly on ſome conditions came
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
 To the uncircumciſ'd a welcome prey,
 Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads
 Touch'd with the flame: on their whole hoſt I flew.
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
 Their choiceſt youth; they only liv'd who fled.
 Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,
 They had by this poſſeſs'd the tow'rs of Gath,
 And lorded over them whom now they ſerve:
 But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
 And by their vices brought to ſervitude,
 Than to love bondage more than liberty,
 Bondage with eaſe than ſtrenuous liberty;
 And to deſpiſe, or envy, or ſuſpect
 Whom God hath of his ſpecial favour rais'd
 As their deliverer; if he ought begin,
 How frequent to deſert him, and at laſt
 To heap ingratitude on wortheſt deeds?

CHORUS.

Thy words to my remembrance bring
 How Succoth and the fort of Penuel
 Their great deliverer contemn'd,
 The matchleſs Gideon in purſuit
 Of Midian and her vanquiſh'd kings;
 And how ungrateful Ephraim
 Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
 Not worſe than by his ſhield and ſpear,
 Defended Iſrael from the Ammonite,

Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
 • In that fore battle, when so many dy'd
 Without reprieve adjudg'd to death,
 For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

SAMSON.

Of such examples add me to the roll,
 • Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
 But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

CHORUS.

Just are the ways of God,
 And justifiable to men;
 Unless there be who think not God at all:
 • If any be, they walk obscure;
 For of such doctrine never was there school,
 But the heart of the fool,
 And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,
 As to his own edicts found contradicting,
 Then give the reins to wand'ring thought,
 Regardless of his glory's diminution;
 Till by their own perplexities involv'd
 They ravel more, still less resolv'd,
 But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' Interminable,
 And tie him to his own prescript,
 Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,
 And hath full right to exempt
 Whom so it pleases him by choice
 From national obstriction, without taint
 Of sin, or legal debt;
 For with his own laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means,
 Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause
 To set his people free,
 Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
 Against his vow of strictest purity,
 To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,
 Unclean, unchaste.

Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
 Though reason here aver
 That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
 Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.

But see here comes thy reverend sire
 With careful step, locks white as down,
 Old Manoah: advise
 Forthwith how thou oughtst to receive him.

SAMSON.

Aye me, another inward grief awak'd
 With mention of that name renews th' assault.

MANOAH.

Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,
 Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,
 As I suppose, towards your once glory'd friend,
 My Son now captive, hither hath inform'd
 Your younger set, while mine cast back with age
 Came lagging after; say if he be here.

CHORUS.

As signal now in low dejected state,
 As erst in high'est, behold him where he lies.

MANOAH.

O miserable change! is this the man,
 That invincible Samson, far renown'd,

The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to Angels walk'd their streets,
• None offering fight; who single combatant
Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,
• Himself an army, now unequal match
To save himself against a coward arm'd
At one spear's length. O ever failing trust
• In mortal strength! and oh what not in man
Deceivable and vain? Nay what thing good
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe. our bane?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,
And such a son as all men hail'd me happy;
Who would be now a father in my stead?
O wherefore did God grant me my request,
• And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest pray'rs, then giv'n with solemn hand
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?
For this did th' Angel twice descend? for this
• Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Insnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy foes derision, captive, poor and blind,
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?
Alas methinks whom God hath chosen once
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to so foul indignities,
Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

SAMSON.

Appoint not heav'nly disposition, Father;
Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
But justly; I myself have brought them on,
Sole author I, sole cause: if ought seem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who' have profan'd
The mystery of God given me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.
This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,
But warn'd by oft experience: did not she
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
The secret wrested from me in her height
Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it straight
To them who had corrupted her, my spies,
And rivals? In this other was there found
More faith, who also in her prime of love,
Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
Though offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd
Her spurious first-born, treason against me?
Thrice she assay'd with flattering pray'rs and sighs,
And amorous reproaches, to win from me
My capital secret, in what part my strength
Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might know;
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence
She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse
Than undissembled hate) with what contempt
She sought to make me traitor to myself;
Yet the fourth time, when must'ring all her wiles,

With blandish'd parliës, feminine assaults,
 Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
 • To storm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out,
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,
 • I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
 • Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd
 Might easily have shook off all her snares:
 • But foul effeminacy held me yok'd
 Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot
 To honour and religion! servile mind
 Rewarded well with servile punishment!
 The base degree to which I now am fall'n,
 These rags, this grinding is not yet so base
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
 • True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
 That saw not how degenerately I serv'd.

MANOAH.

I cannot praise thy marriage choices, Son,
 Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
 Find some occasion to infect our foes.
 I state not that; this I am sure, our foes
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
 Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner
 Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
 To violate the sacred trust of silence
 Deposited within thee; which to have kept
 Tacit, was in thy pow'r: true; and thou bear'st
 Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying

That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,
 This day the Philistines a popular feast
 Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim
 Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud
 To Dagon, as their God who hath deliver'd
 Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
 So Dagon shall be magnify'd, and God,
 Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,
 Disglorify'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
 By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
 Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
 Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
 Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

SAMSON.

Father, I do acknowledge and confess
 That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
 To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high
 Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
 Dishonour, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
 Of idolists, and atheists; have brought scandal
 To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before
 To waver, or fall off and join with idols;
 Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow,
 The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
 Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife
 With me hath end; all the contest is now
 Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presum'd,

Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
 His deity comparing and preferring
 Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
 But will arise and his great name assert:
 Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
 Of all these boasted trophies won on me,
 And with confusion blank his worshippers.

MANOAH.

With cause this hope relieves thee, and these words
 I as a prophecy receive; for God,
 Nothing more certain, will not long defer
 To vindicate the glory of his name
 Against all competition, nor will long
 Indure it doubtful whether God be Lord,
 Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?
 Thou must not in the mean while here forgot
 Lie in this miserable loathsome plight
 Neglected. I already have made way
 To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
 About thy ransom: well they may by this
 Have satisfy'd their utmost of revenge
 By pains and slaveries, worse than death inflicted
 On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

SAMSON.

Spare that proposal, Father, spare the trouble
 Of that solicitation; let me here,
 As I deserve, pay on my punishment;
 And expiate, if possible, my crime,
 Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd

Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
 How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
 Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
 The mark of fool set on his front ?
 But I God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
 Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
 Weakly at least, and shamefully. a sin
 That Gentiles in their parables condemn
 To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

MANOAH.

Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
 But act not in thy own affliction, Son;
 Repent the sin, but if the punishment
 Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;
 Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
 And let another hand, not thine, exact
 Thy penal forfeit from thyself; perhaps
 God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
 Who evermore approves and more accepts
 (Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)
 Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
 Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due;
 Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd
 For self-offence, more than for God offended.
 Reject not then what offer'd means who knows
 But God hath set before us, to return thee
 Home to thy country and his sacred House,
 Where thou may'st bring thy offerings, to avert
 His further ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd ?

SAMSON.

His pardon I implore; but as for life,
 To what end should I seek it? When in strength
 All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
 With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
 Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof
 Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
 The sons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,
 Fearless of danger, like a petty God
 I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
 Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I tell
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
 Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;
 At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shor'd me
 Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
 Shav'n, and disarm'd among mine enemies.

CHORUS.

Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,
 Thou couldstst repress, nor did the dancing ruby
 Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour, or the smell,
 Or taste that cheers the heart of Gods and men,
 Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

SAMSON.

Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd
 Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure

With touch ethereal of Heav'n's fiery rod,
 I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
 Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with tumpies.

(CHORUS.

O madness, to think use of strongest wines
 And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
 When God with these forbidd'n made choice to rear
 His mighty champion, strong above compare,
 Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

SAMSON.

But what avail'd this temp'rance, not complete
 Against another object more enticing?
 What boots it at one gate to make defence,
 And at another to let in the foe,
 Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,
 Now blind, dishearten'd, sham'd, dishonour'd quell'd,
 To what can I be useful, wherein serve
 My nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd,
 But to sit idle on the household hearth,
 A burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze,
 Or pity'd object; these redundant locks
 Robustious to no purpose clust'ring down,
 Vain monument of strength; till length of years
 And sedentary numbness craze my limbs
 To a contemptible old age obscure?
 Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
 Till vermin or the dross of servile food,
 Consume me, and oft-invócal death
 Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

MANOAH.

Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift
Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn.
But God who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t' allay
After the brunt of battle, can as easy
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast;
And I persuade me so; why else this strength
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
His might continues in thee not for nought,
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

SAMSON.

All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial spirits droop.
My hopes all flat, nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of herself,
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

MANOAH.

Believe not these suggestions which proceed
From anguish of the mind and humours black,
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Must not omit a father's timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom, or how else: mean while be calm.

And healing words from these, thy friends admit.

SAMSON.

O that torment should not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and sores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast, and reins;
But must secret passage find
To th' inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purer spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense,
Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me
As a ling'ring disease,
But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
Nor less than wounds immedicable
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification.
Thoughts my tormentors arm'd with deadly stings
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure:
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of Heav'n's desertion.

I was his nursing once and choice delight,
His destin'd from the womb.

Promis'd by heav'nly message twice descending.
 Under his special eye
 • Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;
 He led me on to mightiest deeds
 Above the nerve of mortal arm
 • Against th' uncircumcis'd, our enemies!
 But now hath cast me off as never known,
 • And to those cruel enemies,
 Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
 Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
 Of fight, reserv'd alive to be repeated
 The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
 • Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;
 This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
 No long petition, speedy death,
 The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

CHORUS.

Many are the sayings of the wise
 In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
 • Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,
 All chances incident to man's frail life,
 Consolatories writ
 With study'd argument, and much persuasion fought
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
 But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
 Unless he feel within
 Some source of consolation from above,

Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold;

God of our fathers, what is man!
That thou towards him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence through his short course
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st
Th' angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wand'ring loose about
Grow up and perish, as the summer fly,
Heads without name no more remembered,
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
To some great work, thy glory,
And people's safety, which in part they' effect.
Yet toward these thus dignify'd, thou oft
Amidst their height of noon
Change'st thy count'nance, and thy hand with no regard
Of highest favours past
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or fennit
To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal;
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them
high,
Unseemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the trespass or omission;
Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
Of Heathen and profane, their carcases
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd;

Or to th' unjust tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of th' ungrateful multitude.

- If these they scape, perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
- Painful diseases and deformed,
- In crude old age;
- Though not disordinate, yet causeless suff'ring
- The punishment of dissolute days in fine,
Just or unjust alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.

What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
His labours. for thou canst, to peaceful end.

• But who is this, what thing of sea or land?

Female of sex it seems,

That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,

Comes this way sailing

Like a stately ship

Of Tarsus, bound for th' ilcs

Of Javan or Gadire

With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,

Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,

Courted by all the winds that hold them play,

- An amber scent of odorous perfume

Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;

Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,

And now at nearer view, no other certain

Than Dalila thy Wife.

SAMSON.

My Wife, my Traiteurs, let her not come near me.

CHORUS.

Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thro' fix'd,
About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd
Like a fair flow'r surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,
And words address'd seem into tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her filken veil:
But now again she makes address to speak.

DALILA.

With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event than I foresaw)
My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
No way assur'd. But conjugal affection
Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt,
Hath led me on desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
If ought in my ability may serve
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

SAMSON.

Out, out Hyena; these are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,

Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses, and again submits;
That wisest and best men full oft beguild,
With goodness principled not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Intangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off
As I by thee, to ages an example.

DALILA.

Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour
To lessen or extenuate my offence,
But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd
By itself, with aggravations not surcharg'd,
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd,
I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them, both common female faults:
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is for nought,
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?

To what I did thou show'd'st me first the way
 But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not:
 Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frail
 Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.
 Let weakness then with weakness come to parle
 So near related, or the same of kind,
 Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not
 More strength from me, than in thyself was found
 And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,
 The jealousy of love, pow'rful of sway
 In human hearts, nor less in mine tow'rd's thee,
 Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
 Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me
 As her at Timna, fought by all means therefore,
 How to indear, and hold thee to me firmest:
 No better way I saw than by importuning
 To learn thy secrets, get into my power
 The key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,
 Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
 Against thee but safe custody, and hold:
 That made for me; I knew that liberty
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
 While I at home sat full of cares and fears,
 Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed;
 Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
 Mine and love's prisoner; not the Philistines,
 Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
 Fearless at home of partners in my love.
 These reasons in love's law have pass'd for good.

Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
 And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
 Be not unlike all others, not austere
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

SAMSON.

How cunningly the forcerefs displays
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine?
 That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
 By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
 I led the way; bitter reproach, but true;
 I to myself was false ere thou to me;
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
 Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou seest
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
 Confess it feign'd: weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it, weakness to resist
 Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead 't?
 All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
 With God or Man will gain thee no remission.
 But love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage
 To satisfy thy lust: love seeks to have love;
 My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the
 way
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?

In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

DALILA.

Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;
Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of men,
The constantest, to' have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
That wrought with me: thou know'st the magistrates
And princes of my country came in person,
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion, press'd how just it was,
How honourable, how glorious to intrap
A common enemy, who had destroy'd
Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the Gods
It would be to insnare an irreligious
Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I
To' oppose against such pow'rful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim
So ripe and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield, with grave authority
Took full possession of me and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so injoining.

• SAMSON.

• I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;
• In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy.
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
I before all the daughters of my tribe
• And of my nation chose thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but overpower'd
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
• Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?
• Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
Nor under their protection but my own,
Thou mine, not their's: if ought against my life
Thy country fought of thee, it fought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nations,
No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men conspiring to uphold their state
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
For which our country is a name so dear;
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;
To please thy Gods thou didst it: Gods unable
• To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, Gods cannot be;
Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd.

These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

DALILA.

In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

SAMSON.

For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath;
Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

DALILA.

I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
In what I thought would have succeeded best.
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,
Afford me place to show what recompense
Tow'rd's thee I intend for what I have misdone,
Misguided; only what remains past cure
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
To afflict thyself in vain: though sight be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
Where other senses want not their delights
At home in leisure and domestic ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.
I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
With me, where my redoubled love and care
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age
With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supply'd,
That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

SAMSON.

No, no, of my condition take no care;
 It fits not; thou and I long since are twain:
 Nor think me so unwary or accurs'd,
 To bring my feet again into the snare
 Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains
 Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils;
 Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
 No more on me have pow'r, their force is null'd,
 So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd
 To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
 If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
 Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate
 me
 Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me;
 How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
 Deceivable, in most things as a child
 Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
 And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult,
 When I must live uxorious to thy will
 In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,
 Bearing my words and doing to the lords
 To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?
 This jail I count the house of liberty
 To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

DALILA.

Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

SAMSON.

Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
 At distance I forgive thee, go with that;

Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives:
 Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
 Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

DALILA.

I see thou art implacable, more deaf
 To pray'rs, than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
 Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:
 Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
 Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.
 Why do I humble thus myself, and suing
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
 Bid go with evil omen and the brand
 Of infamy upon my name denounc'd
 To mix with thy concerns I desert
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
 Fame if not double-fac'd is double-mouth'd,
 And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,
 Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.
 My name perhaps among the circumcis'd
 In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
 To all posterity may stand defam'd,
 With malediction mention'd, and the blot
 Of falsehood most unconjugal traduc'd.
 But in my country where I most desire,
 In Ebron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath
 I shall be nam'd among the famous
 Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
 Living and dead recorded, who to save

Her country from a fierce destroyer chose
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
 With odours visited and annual flowers;
 Not less renown'd than in mount Ephraim
 Jael, who with inhospitable guile
 Smote Sisera sleeping through the temples nail'd.
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
 The public marks of honour and reward
 Confeir'd upon me, for the piety
 Which to my country I was judg'd to have shown.
 At this who ever envies or repines,
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

CHORUS.

She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

SAMSON.

So let her go, God sent her to debase me,
 And aggravate my folly, who committed
 To such a viper his most sacred trust
 Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.

CHORUS.

Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
 After offense returning, to regain
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily
 Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.

SAMSON.

Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
 Not wedlock-treachery indang'ring life.

CHORUS.

It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,

Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit
That woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
(Which way soever men refer it)
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
Or sev'n, though one should musing sit.

If any of these or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferr'd
Thy paranymp, worthless to thee compar'd,
Successor in thy bed,
Nor both so loosely disally'd
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
Or value what is best
In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
Of constancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing, or not long?

Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil,
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Intestine, far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
Draws him awry enslav'd.

With dotage, and his sense deprav'd
 To folly' and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
 What pilot so expert but needs must wreck
 Imbark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm?

'Favour'd of Heav'n who finds
 One virtuous rarely found,
 That in domestic good combines:
 'Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
 'But virtue which breaks through all opposition,
 And all temptation can remove,
 Most shines and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law
 Gave to the man despotic power
 Over his female in due awe,
 Nor from that right to part an hour,
 Smile she or lour:

So shall he least confusion draw
 On his whole life, not sway'd
 By female usurpation, or dismay'd.

But had we best retire, I see a storm!

SAMSON.

Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

CHORUS.

But this another kind of tempest brings.

SAMSON.

Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

CHORUS.

Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
 The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
 Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
 The giant Harapha of Gath, his look

Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.
 Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
 I less conjecture than when first I saw
 The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

SAMSON.

Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

CHORUS,

His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives

HARAPHA.

I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
 Though for no friendly' intent. I am of Gath,
 Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd
 As Og or Anak and the Enims old
 That Kiriathaim held, thou know'st me now
 If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
 Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
 Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
 That I was never present on the place
 Of those encounters, where we might have try'd
 Each other's force in camp or list'd field
 And now am come to see of whom such noise
 Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
 If thy appearance answer loud report.

SAMSON.

The way to know were not to see but taste.

HARAPHA.

Dost thou already fingle me? I thought
 Gyves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune
 Had brought me to the field, where thou art fam'd

To' have wrought such wonders with an afs's jaw;
 I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,
 Or left thy carcase where the afs lay thrown:
 So had the glory of prowcs been recover'd
 To Palestine, won by a Philistine
 From the unforekin'd race, of whom thou bear'st
 The highest name for vallant acts; that honour
 Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

SAMSON.

Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do
 What then thou wouldst, thou seest it in thy hand.

HARAPHA.

To combat with a blind man I disdain,
 And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

SAMSON.

Such usage as your honourable lords
 Afford me' assassinated and betray'd,
 Who durst not with their whole united powers
 In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
 Nor in the house with chamber ambushes
 Close-banded durst attack me, no not sleeping,
 Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
 Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me.
 Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
 Some narrow place inclos'd, where fight may give
 thee,

Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
 Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
 And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,
 Vant-brass and greves, and gaintlet, add thy spear,

A weaver's beam, and sev'n-times-folded shield,
 I only with an oaken-staff will meet thee,
 And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
 That in a little time while breath remains thee,
 Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
 To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

HARAPHA.

Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells
 And black enchantments, some magician's art,
 Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from
 Heaven

Feign'dst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,
 Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs
 Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
 Of chaf'd wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

SAMSON.

I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;
 My trust is in the living God, who gave me
 At my nativity this strength, diffus'd
 No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
 Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
 The pledge of my unviolated vow.
 For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy God,
 Go to his temple, invoke his aid
 With solemnest devotion, spread before him
 How highly it concerns his glory now
 To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,

Which I to be the power of Israel's God
 Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
 Offering to combat thee his champion bold,
 With th' utmost of his Godhead seconded:
 Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

HARAPHA.

Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be,
 Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
 Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
 Into thy enemies hand; pennitted them
 To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee
 Into the common prison, there to grind
 Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,
 As good for nothing else, no better service
 With those thy boist'rous locks, no worthy match
 For valour to assail, nor by the sword
 Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,
 But by the barber's razor best subdued.

SAMSON.

All these indignities, for such they are
 From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
 Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon
 Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
 Gracious to re-admit the suppliant;
 In confidence whereof I once again
 Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,
 By combat to decide whose God is God,
 Thine or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

HARAPHA

Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,
 A murderer, a revolter, and a robber.

SAMSON.

Tongue doughty Giant, how dost thou prove me
 these?

HARAPHA.

Is not thy nation subject to our lords?
 Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee
 As a league-breaker and deliver'd bound
 Into our hands for hadst thou not committed
 Notorious murder on those thirty men
 At Aicalon, who never did thee harm,
 'Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes,
 The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
 Went up with armed pow'rs thee only seeking,
 To others did no violence nor spoil.

SAMSON.

Among the daughters of the Philistines
 I chose a wife, which argued me no foe,
 And in your city held my nuptial feast.
 But your ill-meaning politician lords,
 Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
 Appointed to await me thirty spies,
 Who threatening cruel death constrain'd the bride
 • To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
 That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.
 When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
 • As on my enemies, wherever chanc'd,

I us'd hostility, and took their spoil
 To pay my underminers in their coin.
 My nation was subjected to your lords.
 It was the force of conquest; force with force
 Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.
 But I a private person, whom my country
 As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
 Single rebellion and did hostile acts.
 I was no private but a person rais'd
 With strength sufficient and command from Heaven
 To free my country; if their servile minds
 Me their deliverer sent would not receive,
 But to their masters gave me up for nought,
 Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.
 I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,
 And had perform'd it, if my own offence
 Had not disabled me, not all your force:
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
 As a petty enterprize of small enforce.

HARAPHA.

With thee, a man condemn'd, a slave enroll'd,
 Due by the law to capital punishment?
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

SAMSON.

Can'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
 To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
 Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

HARAPHA.

O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

SAMSON.

No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free

HARAPHA.

This insolence other kind of answer fits.

SAMSON.

Go baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the air, ~~then~~ dash thee down
To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

HARAPHA.

By Astaroth ere long thou shalt lament
These braveries in irons loaden on thee.

CHORUS.

His giantship is gone somewhat crest-fall'n,
Stalking with less unconscionable strides,
And lower looks, but in a sultry chase.

SAMSON.

I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

CHORUS.

He will directly to the lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

• SAMSON.

• He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
 • Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
 Whether he durst accept the' offer or not,
 And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.
 • Much more affliction than already felt
 They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
 • If they intend advantage of my labours,
 The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
 With no small profit daily to my owners
 But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
 My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
 • The worst that he can give, to me the best.
 Yet so it may fall out, because their end
 Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
 • Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

• CHORUS.

Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
 To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!
 When God into the hands of their deliverer
 • Puts invincible might
 To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
 The brute and boast'rous force of violent men
 Hardy and industrious to support
 Tyrannic pow'r, but raging to pursue
 The righteous and all such as honour truth;
 He all their ammunition
 And feats of wpr defeats
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigour arm'd,
 Their armouries and magazines contemns,

Renders them useless, while
 With winged expedition
 Swift as the lightning glance he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd
 Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
 Making them each his own deliverer,
 And victor over all
 That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
 Either of these is in thy lot,
 Samson, with might indued
 Above the sons of men; but fight beware'd
 May chance to number thee with those
 Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
 Labouring thy mind
 More than the working day thy hands.
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
 For I descry this way
 Some other tending, in his hand
 A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,
 Comes on amain, speed in his look.
 By his habit I discern him now
 A public officer, and now at hand.
 His message will be short and voluble.

OFFICER.

Hebrews, the pris'ner Samson here I seek.

CHORUS.

His manacles remark him, there he sits.

OFFICER.

• Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say;
 • This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
 • And now some public proof thereof require
 • To honour this great feast, and great assembly;
 Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
 Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad
 To appear as fits before th' illustrious lords.

SAMSON.

Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tell them,
 • Our law forbids at their religious rights
 My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

OFFICER.

• This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

SAMSON.

Have they not sword-players, and every sort
 Of gymnastic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
 Juglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,
 • But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,
 • And over-labour'd at their public mill,
 To make them sport with blind activity?
 Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels.
 On my refusal to distress me more,
 Or make a game of my calamities?
 Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

OFFICER.

Regard thyself, this will offend them highly.

SAMSON.

• Myself? my conscience and internal peace.

Can they think me so broken, so debas'd
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
 Will condescend to such absurd commands?
 Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
 And in my midst of sorrow and heart grief
 To show them feats, and play before their god,
 The worst of all indignities, yet on me
 Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

OFFICER.

My message was impos'd on me with speed,
 Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

SAMSON. *

So take it with what speed thy message needs,

OFFICER.

I am sorry what this stoutness will produce

SAMSON.

Perhaps thou shalt have cause, to sorrow' indeed

CHORUS.

Consider, Samson; matters now are straight
 Up to the height, whether to hold or break;
 He's gone, and who knows how he may report
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
 Expect another message more imperious,
 More loudly thund'ring than thou wilt bear.

SAMSON.

Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
 Of strength, again returning with my hair
 After my great transgression, to requite
 Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
 By prostituting holy things to idols,
 A Nazarite in place abominable

Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon?
 Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
 What act more execrably unclean, profane?

CHORUS.

Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines,
 Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

SAMSON.

Not in their idol-worship, but by labour
 Honest and lawful to deserve my food
 Of those who have me in their civil power.

CHORUS.

Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

SAMSON.

Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds.
 But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,
 Not dragging? the Philistian lords command.
 Commands are no restraints. If I obey them,
 I do it freely, vent'ring to displease
 God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
 Set God behind: which in his jealousy
 Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
 Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
 Present in temples at idolatrous rites
 For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

CHORUS.

How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

SAMSON.

Be of good courage, I begin to feel
 Some rousing motions in me which dispose
 To something extraordinary my thoughts.
 I with this messenger will go along.

Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour
 Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
 If there be ought of prudence in the mind,
 This day will be a memorable in my life
 By some great act, or of my days the last

CHORUS

In time thou hast resolv'd, the men returns

OFFICER

Samson, this second message from our lords
 To thee I am bid say Art thou our slave,
 Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
 And dar'st thou at our sending and command
 Dispute thy coming? come without delay,
 Or we shall find such engines to assail
 And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
 Though thou wert firmer fasten'd than a rock

SAMSON.

I could be well content to try their art,
 Which to no few of them would prove pernicious
 Yet knowing their advantages too many,
 Because they shall not trail me through their streets
 Like a wild beast, I am content to go
 Masters commands come with a pow'r resistless
 To such as owe them absolute subjection,
 And for a life who will not change his purpose?
 (So mutable are all the ways of men)
 Yet thus be sure, in nothing to comply
 Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

OFFICER

I praise thy resolution dost these links
 By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
 To ~~release~~ and perhaps to set thee free,

SAMSON.

Brethren, farewell; your company along
 I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
 To see me girt with friends; and how the fight
 Of me as of a common enemy,
 So dreaded once, may now exasperate them
 I know not: lords are lordliest in their wine;
 And the well-feasted priest then soonest fir'd
 With zeal, if ought religion seem concern'd;
 No less the people on their holy-days
 Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:
 Happen what may, of me expect to hear
 Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
 Our God, our law, my nation, or myself,
 The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

CHORUS.

Go, and the Holy One
 Of Israel be thy guide
 To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name
 Great among the heathen round;
 Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand
 Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
 Rode up in flames after his message told
 Of thy conception, and be now a shield
 Of fire; that Spirit that first rush'd on thee
 In the camp of Dan
 Be efficacious in thee now at need.
 For never was from Heav'n imparted
 Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
 As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.
 But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste

With youthful steps' much livelier than ere while
 He seems: supposing here to find his son,
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

MANOAH.

Peace with you, brethren; my inducement hither
 Was not at present here to find my son,
 By order of the lords new parted hence
 To come and play before them at their feast.
 I heard all as I came, the city rings,
 And numbers thither flock, I had no will,
 Left I should see him forc'd to things unseemly.
 But that which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly
 To give ye part with me what hope I have
 With good success to work his liberty.

CHORUS.

That hope would much rejoice us to partake
 With thee; say, reverend sire, we thirst to hear.

MANOAH,

I have attempted one by one the lords
 Either at home, or through the high street passing.
 With supplication prone and father's tears,
 T' accept of ransom for my son their pris'ner.
 Some much averse I found and wond'rous harsh,
 Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
 That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his priests:
 Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
 Private reward, for which both God and state
 They easily would set to sale: a third
 More generous far and civil, who confess'd
 They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
 Their foe to misery beneath their fears,

• The rest was magnanimity to remit,
 If some convenient ransom were propos'd.
 What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

CHORUS.

Doubtless the people shouting to behold
 • Their once great dread, captive, and blind before
 them,
 Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

MANOAH.

His ransom, if my whole inheritance
 May compass it, shall willingly be paid
 And number'd down: much rather I shall choose
 • To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
 And lie in that calamitous prison left.
 No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
 For his redemption all my patrimony,
 If need be, I am ready to forego
 And quit: not wanting him I shall want nothing.

CHORUS.

Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,
 • Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all:
 Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
 Thou in old age can'st how to nurse thy son
 Made, older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

MANOAH.

It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
 And view him sitting in the house, ennobled
 With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks,
 That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd:
 And I persuade me God had not permitted

His strength again to grow up with his hair
 Garrison'd round about him like a camp
 Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
 To use him further yet in some great service,
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift
 Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
 And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
 God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

CHORUS.

Thy hopes are not ill founded nor seem vain
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
 Conceiv'd, agreeable to a father's love,
 In both which we, as next, participate.

MANOAH.

I know your friendly minds and— O what noise!
 Mercy of Heav'n, what hideous noise was that!
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

CHORUS.

Noise call you it or universal groan,
 As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,
 Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

MANOAH. "

Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise:
 Oh it continues, they have slain my son.

CHORUS.

Thy son is rather slaying them, that outcry
 From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

MANOAH.

Some dismal accident it needs must be;
 What shall we do, stay here or run and see?

CHORUS.

Best keep together here, lest running thither
 We unawares run into danger's mouth.
 'This evil on the Philistines is fall'n;
 From whom could else a general cry be heard?
 • The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,
 From other hands we need not much to fear.
 What if his eye-sight (for to Israel's God
 Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,
 He now be dealing dole among his foes,
 And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

MANOAH.

• That were a joy presumptuous to be thought,

CHORUS.

Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
 For his people of old; what hinders now?

MANOAH.

He can I know, but doubt to think he will;
 Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief
 A little stay will bring some notice hither.

CHORUS.

• Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner,
 For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
 And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
 An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

MESSENGER.

O whither shall I run, or which way fly
 The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
 Which erst my eyes beheld and yet behold?
 For dire imagination still pursues me.

But providence or instinct of nature seems,
 Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,
 To' have guided me aright, I know not how,
 To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these
 My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
 As at some distance from the place of horror,
 So in the sad event too much concern'd.

MANOAH.

The accident was loud, and here before thee
 With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
 No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

MESSENGER.

It would burst forth, but I recover breath
 And scite distract, to know well what I utter.

MANOAH.

Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

MESSENGER

Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n,
 All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

MANOAH.

Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not sadder
 The desolation of a hostile city.

MESSENGER.

Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfeit.

MANOAH

Relate by whom.

MESSENGER.

By Samson.

MANOAH.

That still lessens
 The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

MESSENGER.

• Ah Manoah, I refrain, too suddenly
 • To utter what will come at last too soon;
 Left evil tidings with too rude irruption
 Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

MANOAH.

• Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

MESSENGER.

• Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

MANOAH.

The worst indeed, O all my hope's defeated
 To free him hence! but death who sets all free
 Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
 What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
 Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
 • Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
 Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!
 Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
 How dy'd he; death to life is crown or shame.
 All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he?
 • What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound

MESSENGER.

Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

MANOAH.

Wearied with slaughter then or how? explain.

MESSENGER.

By his own hands.

MANOAH.

Self-violence? what cause
 Brought him so soon at variance with himself
 Among his foes?

MESSENGER.

Inevitable cause
 At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;
 The edifice, where all were met to see him,
 Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

MANOAH.

O lastly over-strong against thyself!
 A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge. .
 More than enough we know; but while things yet
 Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,
 Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
 Relation more particular and distinct.

MESSENGER.

Occasions drew me early to this city,
 And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,
 The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
 Through each high street: little I had dispatch'd,
 When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
 Samson should be brought forth, to show the peop
 Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
 I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
 Not to be absent at that spectacle.
 The building was a spacious theatre
 Half-round on two main pillars vaulted high,
 With seats where all the lords and each degree
 Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
 The other side was open, where the throng
 On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
 I among these aloof obscurely stood.
 The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
 Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and w

When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot, before him and behind
Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamouring their God with praise,
Who' had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
As over-ti'd to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspecting led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
And eyes fast fix'd he stood, as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd:
At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud,
"Hitherto, lords, what your commands impos'd
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight behold:
Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater;

As with amaze shall strike all who behold."
 This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
 As with the force of winds and waters pent,
 When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
 With horrible convulsion to and fro,
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
 Lords, ladies, captives, counsellors, or priests,
 Their choice nobility and flow'rs, not only
 Of this but each Philistian city round
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
 Samson with these immix'd, inevitably
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
 The vulgar only scap'd who stood without,

CHORUS.

O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
 The work for which thou wast foretold
 To Israel, and now ly'st victorious
 Among thy slain self-kill'd
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more
 Than all thy life had slain before.

SEMICHORUS.

While their hearts were jocund and sublime,
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
 And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,
 Chaunting their idol, and preferring
 Before our living Dread who dwells

In Silo his bright sanctuary:
 Among them he a spi'rit of phrenzy sent,
 Who hurt their minds,
 And urg'd them on with mad desire
 To call in haste for their destroyer,
 They only set on sport and play
 Unweetingly importun'd
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
 So fond are mortal men
 Fall n into wrath divine,
 As their own ruin on themselves t' invite,
 Intensate left, or to sense reprobate,
 And with blindness internal struck.

SMICHORUS.

But he though blind of sight,
 Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated,
 His fiery virtue rous'd
 From under ashes into sudden flame,
 And as an evening dragon came,
 Assailant on the perched roofs,
 And nests in order rang'd
 Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
 So virtue giv'n for lost,
 Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,
 Like that self-begotten bird
 In the Arabian woods imboist,
 That no second knows nor third,
 And lay ere while a holocaust,
 From out her ashy womb now teen'd,

Revives, reflowerishes, then vigorous most
 When most inactive deem'd,
 And though her body die, her fame survives
 A secular bird ages of lives.

MANOAH.

Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
 Nor much more cause; Samson hath quit himself
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd
 A life heroic, on his enemies
 Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
 And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
 Through all Philistian bounds; to Israel
 Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
 To himself and father's house eternal fame;
 And which is best and happiest yet, all this
 With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
 But favouring and assisting to the end.
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
 Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
 Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
 Let us go find the body where it lies
 Soak'd in his enemies blood, and from the stream
 With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
 The clotted gore. I with what speed the while
 (Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
 To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
 With silent obsequy and funeral train
 Home to his father's house: there will I build him

- A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
- And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour, and adventures high :
- The virgins also shall on fcaffold days
Visit his tomb with flow'rs, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes

CHORUS.

- All is best, though we oft doubt,
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
- And ever best found in the close
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns
- And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent;
His servants he with new acquit
Of true experience from this great event .
With peace and consolation hath dismiss
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

P O E M S

U P O N

S E V E R A L O C C A S I O N S ,

(O M P O S E D) A T S E V E R A L T I M E S .

. BACCARL I R O N T E M
C I N G I T E , N E V A T I N O C E A T M A L A L I N G U A I U T U R O .
V I R G I L , E C L O G . 7 .

P O E M S
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS



I

ANNO ÆTATIS 17

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT, DYING
OF A COUGH.

1.

O FAIRFEST, flow'rs no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken pimperne fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst out-lasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he being audacious on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

2.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer
By boistrous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot

Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which, mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach was
held.

3.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far:
There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care,
Down he descended from his snow soft chair,
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhous'd thy virgin soul from her fair hiding place.

4.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate,
Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' strand,
Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower
Alack that so to change thee Winter had no power.

5.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low delved tomb;
Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom?

Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine.

6.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where'er thou hoverest,

Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in th' Elysian fields (if such there were)

Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

7.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall
Of cheery Heav'n, and thou some Goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

8.

O wert thou that just Maid who once before
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
And canst again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth?
Or that crown'd matron sage white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that heav'nly brood
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

9.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who having clad thyself in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed,
As if to show what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire?

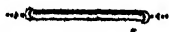
10.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence,

To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
 To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art

11.

Then thou the Mother of so sweet a Child
 Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
 And render him with patience what he lent;
 This if thou do, he will an offspring give,
 That till the world's last end shall make thy name to
 live.



II.

ANNO ÆTATIS 19.

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE, PARL
 LATIN, PART ENGLISH. THE LATIN SPEECHES
 ENDED, THE ENGLISH THUS BEGAN.

HAIL native Language, that by sinews weak
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
 Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant-lips,
 Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
 Where he had mutely sat two years before.

Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter talk:
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee;
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither packt the worst:
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daughtiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
For this same small neglect that I have made:
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,
Not those new fangled toys, and trimming flight
Which takes our late fantasticks with delight,
But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire
Which deepest spirits, and choicest wits desire:
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out;
And weary of their place do only stay
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array;
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door
Look in, and see each blisful Deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Lift'ning to what unshorn Apollo sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings

Immortal nectar to her kingly fire:
 Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
 And misty regions of wide air next under,
 And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,
 May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,
 In Heav'n's defiance mustering all his waves;
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass
 When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
 And last of kings, and queens, and heroes old,
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told
 In solemn songs at king Alcinous feast,
 While sad Ulysses soul and all the rest
 Are held with his melodious harmony
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.
 But fie, my wand'ring Muse, how thou dost stray!
 Expectance calls thee now another way,
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
 To keep in compass of thy predicament.
 Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
 That to the next I may resign my room.

THEN LNS IS REPRESENTED AS FATHER OF THE
 PREDICAMENTS HIS TEN SONS, WHEREOF THE
 ELDEST STOOD FOR SUBSTANCE WITH
 HIS CANONS, WHICH FNS, THUS
 SPEAKING, EXPLAINS

Good luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
 The fairy ladies danc'd upon the earth;
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spie
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,

And sweetly fingering round about thy bed
Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
From eyes of mortals walk invisible:
Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
*That far events full wisely could preface,
And in time's long and dark prospective glass
Forefaw what future days should bring to pass;
Your son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall subject be to many an accident.
O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,
Yet every one shall make him underling;
And those that cannot live from him asunder
*Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under;
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them;
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
*To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
And peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
Devouring war shall never cease to roar:
Yea it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.
What pow'r, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

THE NEXT QUANTITY AND QUALITY SPARK IN
PROSE, THEN RELATION WAS CALLED
BY HIS NAME.

RIVERS arise; whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulphy Dun,
Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
His thirty arms along th' indented meads,
Or fullen Mole that runneth underneath,
Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy I ce,
Or cosly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,
Or Medway smooth, or royal tow'rd Thame.

[The rest was Prose.]



III.

ON

THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

COMPOSED 1629.

1.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,

That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

2.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
 And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
 Wherewith he went at Heav'n's high council-table
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside; and here with us to be,
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

3.

Say heav'nly muse, shall not thy sacred vein
 Afford a present to the infant God?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcome him to this his new abode,
 Now while the Heav'n by the sun's team untrod,
 Hath took no print of the approaching light,
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
 bright?

4.

See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
 Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
 From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN.

1.

It was the winter wild,
 While the Heav'n-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;

Nature in awe to him

Hath doff't her gaudy trim,

With her great Master so to sympathize :

It was no season then for her

To wanton with the sun her lusty paramour.

2.

Only with speeches fair

She woos the gentle air

To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,

And on her naked shame,

Pollute with sinful blame,

The faintly veil of maiden white to throw,

Confounded, that her Maker's eyes

Should look so near upon her foul deformities

3.

But he her fears to cease,

Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;

She crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding

Down through the turning sphere

His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,

And waving wide her myrtle wand,

She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

4.

No war, or battle's sound

Was heard the world around:

• The idle spear and shield were high up hung,

The hooked chariot stood,

Unstain'd with hostile blood,

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng.

And kings sat still with awful eye,

• As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by

5.

But peaceful was the night,
 Wherein the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began:
 The winds with wonder whist
 Smoothly the waters kist,
 Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who new hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

6.

The stars with deep amaze
 Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influence,
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

7.

And though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
 And hid his head for shame,
 As his inferior flame
 The new enlighten'd world no more should need;
 He saw a greater sun appear
 Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could
 bear.

8.

The shepherds on the lawn,
 Or ere the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustic row,
 Full little thought they then,
 That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below ;
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

9.

When such music sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortal finger strook,
 Divinely-warbled voice
 Answering the stringed noise,

As all their souls in blissful rapture took
 The air such pleasure loath to lose,
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav'nly note

10.

Nature that heard such sound,
 Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's feat, the acry region thrilling,
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was done,

And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

11.

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd;
 The helmeted Cherubim,
 And sworded Seraphim,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,

- Harping in loud and solemn quire,
• With unexpressive notes to Heav'n's new-born heir.

12.

- Such music (as 'tis said)
• Before was never made,
• But when of old the sons of morning sung,
• While the Creator great
• His constellations set,
• And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
• And cast the dark foundations deep,
• And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

13.

- Ring out ye crystal spheres,
• Once blest our human ears,
• (If ye have pow'r to touch our senses so)
• And let your silver chime
• Move in melodious time,
• And let the base of Heav'n's deep organ blow,
• And with your ninefold harmony
• Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

14.

- For if such holy song
• Inwrap our fancy long,
• Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
• And speckled Vanity
• Will sicken soon and die,
• And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould,
• And Hell itself will pass away,
• And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

15.

- Yea Truth and Justice then
• Will down return to men,

Orb'd in a rainbow; and like glories wearing
 Mercy will sit between,
 Thron'd in celestial sheen,
 With radiant feet the tiffed clouds down sicing,
 And Heav'n, as at some festival,
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

16.

But wisest Fate says no,
 This must not yet be so,
 The babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our loss;
 So both himself and us to glorify
 Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through
 the deep,

17.

With such a horrid clang
 As on mount Sinai rang,
 While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake
 The aged earth aghast,
 With terrour of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
 When at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

18.

And then at last our bliss
 Full and perfect is,
 But now begins; for from this happy day
 Th' old Dragon under ground
 In straiter limits bound,
 Not half so far casts his usurped swar.

And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

19.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

20.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flow'r-inwoven tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

21.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars, and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar pow'r forgoes his wonted feat.

22.

Peor and Baälím
Forſake their temples dim,

With that twice batter'd God of Palestine;
 And mooned Ashtaroth,
 Heav'n's queen and mother both,
 Now fits not girt with tapers holy shine;
 The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz
 mourn.

23.

And sullen Moloch fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol all of blackest hue;
 In vain with cymbals ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

24.

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud:
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest,
 Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,
 In vain with timbre'd anthems dark
 The sable-stoled forcerers bear his worshipt ark.

25.

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn
 Nor all the gods beside,
 Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine.

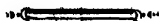
- Our babe to show his godhead true,
 Can in his swadling bands control the damned crew.

26,

- So when the sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to, th' internal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,
 And the yellow-skirted Fays
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd
 maze.

27.

- But see the virgin blest
 Hath laid her babe to rest,
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
 Heav'n's youngest teem'd star
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harnest angels sit in order serviceable.



IV.

THE PASSION.

1.

- For WHILE of music, and ethereal mirth,
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
 And joyous news of heav'nly infant's birth,

My muse with angels did divide to sing,
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
 In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

2

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
 And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
 Which he for us did freely undergo.

Most perfect hero, try'd in heaviest plight
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

3.

He sov'reign Priest stooping his regal head,
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
 Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,
 His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies,
 O what a mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

4.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
 To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;
 His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
 And former sufferings other where are found,
 Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound,
 • Me softer airs besit, and softer strings
 Of lute, or viol still more apt for mournful things.

5.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief,
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
 And work thy flatter'd fancy to belief,

That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my woe;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish
white.

6.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,
My spirit some transporting cherub feels,
To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem stood,
Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood;
There doth my soul in holy vision fit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

7.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

8.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the mountain wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,
And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)
Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when
he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it un-
finished.

V.

ON TIME.

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace,
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,
 And merely mortal dross;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when as each thing had thou hast intomb'd,
 And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss,
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When every thing that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine,
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
 About the supreme throne
 Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone
 When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
 Then all this earthly grossness quit,
 Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
 • Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee,
 O Time.

VI.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

THE flaming Pow'rs, and winged Warriours bright
 That eist with music, and triumphant song,
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds ear,
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night,
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
 He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilere
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
 Alas, how soon our sin
 Sore doth begin
 His infancy to seize!
 O more exceeding love or law more just?
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
 For we by rightful doom remediless
 Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
 High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
 Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness;
 And that great covenant which we still transgress
 Entirely satisfied,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart
 This day, but O ere long
 "Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart.

VII.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLAST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
 And to our high-rai'd phantasy present
 That undisturbed song of pure concent,
 Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
 To him that sits thereon
 With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
 Where the bright seraphim in burning row
 Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly;
 That we on earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise,
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh dir
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O may we soon again renew that song,
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
 To his celestial concert us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

VIII.

AN EPITAPH

ON THE

MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

THIS rich marble doth enter
The honour'd wife of Winchester,
A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,
Besides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than she could own from earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness, and with death.
Yet had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces sweet
Quickly found a lover meet;
The virgin quire for her request
The god that sits at marriage feast;
He at their invoking came
But with a scarce well-lighted flame;
And in his garland as he stood,
Ye nought discern a cypress bud.
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throes;

But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for Lucina came;
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree
The hapless babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languish'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip,
Sav'd with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain
Who only thought to crop the flow'r
New shot up from vernal show'r;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side ways, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hast'ning funeral.
Gentle lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel sore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That to give the world increase,
Short'ned hast thy own life's lease.
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy hearse, to strow the ways,

Sent thee from the banks of Came,
 Devoted to thy virtuous name;
 Whilst thou, bright saint, high sit'st in glory
 Next her much like to thee in story,
 That fair Syrian shepherdes,
 Who after years of barrenness,
 The highly-favour'd Joseph bore
 To him that serv'd for her before,
 And at her next birth mach like thee,
 Through pangs fled to felicity,
 Lay within the bosom bright
 Of blazing majesty and light.
 There with thee, new welcome saint,
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
 No marchioness, but now a queen.



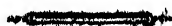
IX.

SONG.

ON MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 'The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
 Hail bounteous May that dost inspire
 Mirth and youth and warm desire;

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.



X.

ON SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespear for his honour'd bones
 The labour of an age in piled stones,
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witnesses of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
 For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

XI.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,
 WHO SICKENED IN THE TIME OF HIS VACANCY, BEING
 FORBID TO GO TO LONDON, BY REASON
 OF THE PLAGUE.

Here lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
 Here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
 On the ways being foul, twenty to one,
 He's here stuck in a flough, and overthrown.
 'Twas such a fluster, that if truth were known,
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;
 For he had any time this ten years full,
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
 And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
 But lately finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
 In the kind office of a chamberlain
 Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light.
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,
 Hobson has slept, and's newly gone to bed.

XII.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
 That he could never die while he could move,
 So hung his destiny, never to rot
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
 Until his revolution was at stay.
 'Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime,
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time.
 And like an engine mov'd with wheel and weight,
 His principles being ceas'd, he ended straight
 Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath,
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
 Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd.
 "Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed out stretch'd,
 "If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
 "But vow," though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
 "For one carrier put down to make six bearers."
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He dy'd for heaviness that his cart went light:
 His leisure told him that his time was come,
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,
 That ev'n to his last breath (there be that say t)
 As he were press'd to death, he cry'd more weight;



But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal carrier
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
 (strange to think) his wain was his increase
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
 Only remains this superscription.



VIII.

I. A L L E G R O

Hence loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-raven sings,
 There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell
 But come thou goddess fair and free,
 In Heaven plac'd Envyrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister graces more
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;

Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee ~~my~~ ^{our} due,
Mith, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
•Or the twisted eglantine:

While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Startly struts his dames before :
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Climb steep and full of the slumb'ring morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.
 Some time walking not unseen
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
 While the plowman near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landscape round it measures,
 Ruffet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynicure of neighb'ring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two ag'd oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their favoury dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses,
 And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or if the earlier season lead
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the live-long daylight fail;
 Then to the spicy nut brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat,
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd she said,
 And he by fiar's lantern led
 Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day lab'ers could not end;
 Then lies him down the stubbar fiend,
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,

And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Tow'rd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Johnson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and riddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony:

That Orpheus self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt Elysian flow'rs, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half regain'd Eurydice.
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.



XIV.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay notes that people the sun-beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus train.
 But hail thou goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose faintly visaged is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, flaid wisdom's hue;



Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauties praise above
 The Sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:
 Yet thou art higher far descended,
 The bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain).
 Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.
 Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders draw
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing:

And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er th' accusom'd oak,
 Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee chauntrests oft the wood, among
 I woo to hear thy even-song,
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wand'ring ~~wood~~,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way,
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far off Curlew sound,
 Over some wide-water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar,
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,

Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the belman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook
 And of those Demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whole power hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bowels,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes, as warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarfise,
 And who had Canace to wife.

That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride,
 And if ought else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments dear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear
 Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not truckt and frowndt as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gulf hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves.
 And when the sun begins to sing
 His flaring beams, me goddess bring
 To arch'd walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the idle axe with heaved stroke
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,

With such concert as they keep,
 Entice the dewy feather'd sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full voic'd quire below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every star that heav'n doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures Melancholy give,
 And I with thee will choole to live.

XV.

ARCADES.

PART OF AN ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTED TO THE
 COUNTLESS DOWAGER OF DERBY AT HAREFIELD,
 BY SOME NOBLE PERSONS OF HER FAMILY,
 WHO APPEAR ON THE SCENE IN PASTORAL
 HABIT, MOVING TOWARD
 THE SEAT OF STATE, WITH
 THIS SONG.

1. SONG.

Look nymphs, and shepherds look,
 What sudden blaze of majesty
 Is that which we from hence discern,
 Too divine to be mistook

This, this is she
 To whom our vows and wishes bend;
 Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that her high worth to raise,
 Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
 We may justly now accuse
 Of detraction from her praise;
 Less than half we find express,
 Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
 In circle round her shining throne,
 Shooting her beams like silver threads;

- \ This, this is she alone,
 • Sitting like a goddess bright,
 In the centre of her light.
- \ Might she the wife Latona be,
 • Or the tow'ring Cybele,
 Mother of a hundred gods,
 Juno dares not give her odds,
 Who had thought this clime had held
 A deity so unparallel'd?

AS THEY COME FORWARD, THE GENIUS OF THE
 WOOD APPLAUDS, AND TURNING
 TOWARD THEM, SPEAKS.

GENIUS

- STAY, gentle swains, for though in this disguise,
 I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,
 • Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
 • Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
 Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice
 Stole under it as to meet his Arethuse,
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
 Fair silver buskin'd nymphs as great and good,
 I know this quest of yours, and free intent
 Was all in honour and devotion meant
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
 And with all helpful service will comply
 • To further this night's glad solemnity,

And lead ye where ye may more near behold
 What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;
 Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
 For know by lot from Jove I am the power
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings-wave.
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill
 Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill;
 And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
 And heal the arms of thwarting thunder blue,
 Or what the cross dire-looking planet limits,
 Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites
 When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground;
 And early ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassel'd horn
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless;
 But else in deep of night, when drownsiness
 Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial Sirens harmony,
 That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
 And turn the adamantine spindle round,
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,
 And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw

After the heav'nly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;
 And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
 The peerless height of her immortal praise,
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,
 Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
 Where ye may all that are of noble stem
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vestments hem.

2. S O N G.

O'er the smooth enamell'd green,
 Where no print of step hath been,
 Follow me as I sing,
 And touch the warbled string,
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching elm star-proof.
 Follow me,
 I will bring you where she sits,
 Clad in splendour as befits
 Her deity,
 Such a rural Queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

3. S O N G.

NYMPHS and shepherds dance no more.

By sandy Ladon's liliated banks,

On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar

Trip no more in twilight ranks,

Though Erymanth your loss deplore,

A better soil shall give ye thanks.

From the stony Mænalus

Bring your flocks, and live with us,

Here ye shall have greater grace,

To serve the Lady of this place.

Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,

Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.

Such a rural Queen

All Arcadia hath not seen.

XVI.

A

M A S K

PRESENTED

AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634,

BEFORE

THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER,

THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.

THE PERSONS.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, AITERWARDS IN THE
HABIT OF THYRSIS.

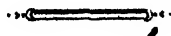
COMUS WITH HIS CREW.

THE LADY.

FIRST BROTHER.

SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA THE NYMPH.



THE CHIEF PERSONS WHO PRESENTED WIFE,

THE LORD BRACKLEY.

MR. THOMAS EGERTON HIS BROTHER.

THE LADY ALICE EGERTON.

A

M A S K.

THE FIRST SCENE DISCOVERS A WILD WOOD.

THE ASTRIDANT SPIRIT DESCENDS OR ENTERS.



BEFORE the stony threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where thote immortal shape
Of brightærial Spirits live inspired
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dun spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low thoughted care
Confined, and press'd in this pin fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmudful of the crown that virtue gives
After this mortal change to her true servants
Amongst the enthron'd Gods on tainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay then just hands on that golden key,
That opes the palace of eternity
To such my errand is, and but for such,

I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep,
Which he to grace his tributary Gods
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their saphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power,
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty nation proud in arms
Where his fair offspring nurs'd in princely love
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted sceptre; but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from sovereign Jove
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape

Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
 After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
 Coasting the Tyrrheneth shore, as the winds list'd,
 On Circe's island fell. (Who knows not Circe
 The daughter of the sun? whose charmed cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a groveling swine)
 This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustering locks,
 With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd
 Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowl'd
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 Offering to every weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
 To quench the drowth of Phœbus, which as they tast
 (For most do taste through fond intemp'rate thirst)
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance
 Th' express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were;
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before,
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual fie.

Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove
 Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
 I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do: But first I must put off
 These my sky robes spun out of Iris woof,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now.

COMUS ENTERS WITH A CHARMING ROD IN ONE HAND,
 HIS GLASS IN THE OTHER; WITH HIM A ROUT OF
 MONSTERS, HEADED LIKE SUNDRY SORTS OF WILD
 BEASTS, BUT OTHERWISE LIKE MEN AND WOMEN,
 THEIR APPAREL GLISTERING; THEY COME IN
 MAKING A RIOTOUS AND UNRULY NOISE, WITH
 TORCHES IN THEIR HANDS.

COMUS.

The star that bids the shepherd fold
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream,
 And the slope sun his upward beam.

Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Mean while welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Tipfy Dance, and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity
With their grave faws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
Of mid-night torches burns; mysterious dance,

That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
 Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air,
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice morn on th' Indian steep
 From her cabin loophole peep,
 And to the tell-tale sun defery
 Our conceal'd solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.

THE MEASURE.

Break off, **break** off, I feel the different pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees
 Our number may affright: Some virgin ture
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains; I shall ere long
 Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd,
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
 Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false pretiments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course;

I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well plac'd words of glozing courtesy
 Baited with reasons not unplaufible,
 Wind me into the eafy-hearted man,
 And hug him into fnares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic duft,
 I fhall appear fome harmlefs villager,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
 But here ſhe comes, I fairly ſtep aſide,
 And hearken, if I may, her buſineſs here.

THE LADY ENTERS.

This way the noiſe was, if mine ear be true,
 My beſt guide now; methought it was the ſound
 Of riot and ill manag'd merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute, or gameſome pipe
 Stirſ up among the looſe unletter'd hinds,
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
 In wanton dance they praiſe the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the Gods amiſs. I ſhould be loath
 To meet the rudeneſs, and ſwill'd infolence
 Of ſuch late waſſailers; yet O where elſe
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
 My brothers, when they ſaw me wearied out
 With this long way, reſolving here to lodge
 Under the ſpreading favour of theſe pines,
 Stept, as they ſaid, to the next thicket ſide
 To bring me berries, or ſuch cooling fruit
 As the kind hoſpitable woods provide.

They left me then, when the grey-hooded Even.
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rote from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far,
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me; else, O thievish Night,
Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light

To the misled and lonely traveller?

This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rise, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies

Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And acry tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, conscience.—

O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope.
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity;

I see ye visibly, and now believe

That he, the Supreme Good, to' whom all things
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,

Would send a glitt'ring guardian if need were
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off.

S O N G.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy aery shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are?
 O if thou have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere,
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

COMUS.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence:
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft heard
 My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
 Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
 Who as they sung would take the prison'd soul,
 And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder,
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the Goddesses that in rural shrine
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

LADY.

Nay gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
 That is address'd to unattending ears;

Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my fever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

COMUS.

What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

LADY.

Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

COMUS.

Could that divide you from near-usher guides?

LADY.

They left me weary on a grassy turf.

COMUS.

By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

LADY.

To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

COMUS.

And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

LADY.

They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

COMUS.

Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

LADY.

How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COMUS.

Imports their loss, beside the present need?

LADY.

No less than if I should my brothers lose.

COMUS.

Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

LADY.

As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

COMUS.

Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill.
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood,
I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And as I pass'd, I worshipt; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heaven,
To help you find them.

LADY.

Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

COMUS

Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

LADY.

To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.

COMUS.

I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,

And every bosky bourn from side to side,
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
 And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg'd,
 Or shrowd within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roofed lark
 From her thatcht pallat rouse; if otherwise
 I can conduct you, lady, to a low
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
 Till further quest.

LADY.

Shepherd I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
 With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
 And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
 And yet is most pretended: In a place
 Less warrant'd than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

ELDER BROTHER.

Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon,
 That woult'st to love the traveller's benizon,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness and of shades;
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole

Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian Cynosure.

SECOND BROTHER.

Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery dunes,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
 But O that hapless virgin, our lost sister,
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

ELDER BROTHER.

Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion?
 I do not think my sister so to seek,

Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into mis-becoming plight.
 Virtue could see to do what virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
 Where with her best nurse contemplation
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 That in the various busle of resort
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
 He that has light within his own clear breast
 May sit i'th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

SECOND BROTHER.

'Tis most true,
 That musing meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a senate house;
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 Or do his grey hairs any violence?
 But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon-watch with unincharmed eye,

To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
 Of misers treasure by an outlaw's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
 Of night, or loneliness it reck's me not;
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister.

ELDER BROTHER.

I do not, brother,
 Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy.
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine: she has a hidden strength
 Which you remember not.

SECOND BROTHER.

What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

ELDER BROTHER.

I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
 Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
 She that has that, is clad in complete steel.

And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer
Will dare to foil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at Curfew time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tan'd the brindled lions
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence

With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
 So dear to Heav'n is faintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
 Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
 Ling'ring, and sitting by a new made grave,
 As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

SECOND BROTHER.

How charming is divine philosophy!
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

ELDER BROTHER.

Lift, lift, I hear
Some far off halloo break the silent air.

SECOND BROTHER.

'Methought so too; what should it be?

ELDER BROTHER.

For certain
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

SECOND BROTHER.

Heav'n keep my sister. Again, again, and near;
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

ELDER BROTHER.

I'll halloo;
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, HABITED LIKE

A SHEPHERD.

That halloo I should know, what are you? speak;
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

SPIRIT.

What voice is that? my young lord? speak again.

SECOND BROTHER.

O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

ELDER BROTHER.

Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale.

How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

SPIRIT.

O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the slealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my virgin lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

ELDER BROTHER.

To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

SPIRIT.

Ah me unhappy! then my fears are true.

ELDER BROTHER.

What fears, good Thyrsis? Pristhee briefly show.

SPIRIT.

I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly muse,
Story'd of old in high immortal verse.
Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades a forcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus;

Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face; this have I learnt
Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing, abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them that pass unsweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
Meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;
At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy flighted steeds,

That draw the litter of close curtain'd sleep;
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
 And stole upon the air, that even Silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more;
 Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of death: but O ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honour'd lady, your dear sister.
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
 And O poor hapless nightingale thought I,
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place,
 Where that damn'd wizard hid in sly disguise
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent lady his wish'd prey,
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
 Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprang
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
 But further know I not.

SECOND BROTHER.

O night and shades,
 How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
 Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin

Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, brother?

ELDER BROTHER.

Yes, and keep it still,
Lean on it safely; not a period
Shall be unpaid for me: against the threats
Of malice or of forgery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not inthrall'd;
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But come let's on.
Against th' opposing will and arm of Heaven
May never this just sword be lifted up;
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the footy flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
And force him to restore his purchase back.
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

SPIRIT.

Alas! good ventrous youth,

I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
 Far other arms, and other weapons must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms:
 He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
 And crumble all thy sinews.

ELDER BROTHER.

Why prithee, shepherd,
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
 As to make this relation?

SPIRIT.

Care and utmost shifts

How to secure the lady from surprisal,
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
 In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
 That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:
 He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass
 Would sit, and hearken ev'n to ecstasy,
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
 And show me simples of a thousand names,
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another country, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this soil:
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;
 And yet more medicinal is it than that moly

That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
 He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,
 And bad me keep it as of soveraign use
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
 Or ghastly furies apparition.
 I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,
 Till now that this extremity compell'd:
 But now I find it true; for by this means
 I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd,
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off: if you have this about you,
 (As I will give you when we go) you may
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall,
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
 And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
 But seize his wand, though he and his curs'd crew
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

ELDER BROTHER.

Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
 And some good angel bear a shield before us."

THE SCENE CHANGES TO A STATELY PALACE; SET OUT
 WITH ALL MANNER OF DELICIOUSNESS: SOFT MU-
 SIC, TABLES SPREAD WITH ALL DAINTIES. COMUS
 APPEARS WITH HIS RABBLE, AND THE LADY SET
 IN AN ENCHANTED CHAIR, TO WHOM HE OFFERS
 HIS GLASS, WHICH SHE PUTS BY, AND GOES ABOUT
 TO RISE.

COMUS.

Nay, lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
 And you a statue, or as Daphne was
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LADY.

Fool, do not boast,
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
 Thou hast inmanacl'd, while Heav'n sees good.

COMUS.

Why are you vex'd, lady? why do you frown?
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
 Sorrow flies far: see here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
 Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
 And first, behold this cordial julep here,
 That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,
 With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd
 Not that Nepenthe, which the wife of Thone
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
 Is of such pow'r to stir up joy as this,
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
 Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
 And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
 But you invert the covenants of her trust,
 And harshly deal like an ill-borrower
 With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
 Scorning the unexempt condition

By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
 That have been tir'd all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted; but fair virgin,
 This will restore all soon.

LADY.

'Twill not, false traitor,
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
 That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
 Was this the cottage, and the fast abode
 Thou toldst me of? What grim aspects are these,
 These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me?
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver;
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
 With visor'd falsehood, and base forgery?
 And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
 With liquorish baits fit to ensnare a brute?
 Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer, none
 But such as are good men can give good things,
 And that which is not good, is not delicious
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

COMUS.

O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
 Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,

But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hatcht th' all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
To store her children with: if all the world
Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze
Th' all-giver would be' unthank'd, would be unpris'd
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surebarg'd with her own weigh,
And strangl'd with her waste fertility,
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air darkt with
plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unfought
diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
Lift lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsav'ry in th' enjoyment of itself;

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
 In courts, in feasts, and high solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
 What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts,
 Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

LADY.

I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
 Would think to charm my judgment, as inine eyes,
 Obtruding false rules prankt in reason's garb.
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
 And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance; she good catereis
 Means her provision only to the good,
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare temperance:
 If every just man, that now pines with want,
 Had but a moderate and befitting share
 Of that which newly pamper'd luxury
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispos'd

In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And the no whit incumber'd with her store,
 And then the giv^{er} would be better thank'd,
 His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
 Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude
 Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the sun-clad pow'r of chastity,
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery,
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of virginity,
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;
 Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and
 shake,
 Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

COMUS.

She fables not, I feel that I do fear
 Her words set off by some superior power,

And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
 To some of Satan's crew. I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,
 This is mere moral babble, and direct
 Against the canon laws of our foundation,
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
 And settlings of a melancholy blood:
 But this will cure all straight, one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

THE BROTHERS RUSH IN WITH SWORDS DRAWN,
 WREST HIS GLASS OUT OF HIS HAND, AND
 BREAK IT AGAINST THE GROUND; HIS
 HOUI MAKE SIGN OF RESISTANCE,
 ' HUI ARE ALL DRIVEN IN; THE
 ATTENDANT SPIRIT ,
 COMES IN.

SPIRIT.

What, have you let the false enchanter scape?
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
 And backward mutters of disfiguring power,
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
 Some other means I have which may be us'd,

Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The footiest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus hall,
Who piteous of her woes rear'd her link head
And gave her to his daughters to imbath
In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils till she reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change
Made Goddess of the river; still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious viald liquors heals.
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock

The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
 If the be right invok'd in warbled song,
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
 In hard-besetting need; this will I try,
 And add the pow'r of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hairs,
 Listen for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save

Listen and appear to us
 In name of great Oceanus,
 By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace
 And Tethys grave majestic pace,
 By hoary Nereus wrinkled look,
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old sooth-saying Glaucus spell,
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By Thetis tinsel-slipper'd feet,
 And the songs of Sirens sweet,

By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
 From thy coral-paven bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answer'd have.
Listen, and save!

SABRINA RISES, ATTENDED BY WATER-NYMPHS.
 AND SINGS.

By the rusky-fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen,
 Of turkis blue, and em'rald green,
 That in the channel strays;
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O'er the cowslips velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread;
 Gentle swain, at thy request
 I am here.

SPIRIT.

Goddeſs dear,
 We implore thy pow'rful hand

To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distressed,
Through the force, and through the wild
Of unblest inchanter vile.

SABRINA.

Shepherd, 'tis my office best
'To help insuared chastity:
Brightest lady, look on me;
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble venom'd feat,
Smea'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bow'r.

SABRINA DESCENDS, AND THE LADY RISES OUT
OF HER SEAT.

SPIRIT.

Virgin, daughter of Locrine
Sprung of old Anchises line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills.

Summer drowth, or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl, and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tow'r and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh, and cinnamon.

Come, lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the forcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste, or needful sound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence, and beside
All the swains that near abide,
With jigs, and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there,
Will double all their mirth and cheer;
Come let us haste, the stars grow high,
But night fits monarch yet in the mid sky.

THE SCENE CHANGES, PRESENTING LUDLOW TOWN
 AND THE PRESIDENT'S CASTLE; THEN COME
 IN COUNTRY DANCERS, AFTER THEM
 THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, WITH
 THE TWO BROTHERS AND
 THE LADY.

S O N G.

SPIRIT.

' Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,
 Till next fun-shine holiday;
 Here be without duck or nod
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise
 As Mercury did first devise
 With the mincing Dryades
 On the lawns, and on the leas.

THIS SECOND SONG PRESENTS THEM TO THEIR
 FATHER AND MOTHER.

Noble lord, and lady bright,
 I have brought ye new delight,
 Here behold so goodly grown
 Three fair branches of your own;
 Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,

And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly, and intemperance.

THE DANCES ENDED, THE SPIRIT EPILOGUIZES.

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
That there eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(Lift mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,

Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits th' Asirian queen,
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial Cupid her fond son advanced,
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced,
 After her wandering labours long,
 Till free, consort the Gods among
 Make her his eternal bride,
 And from her fair unpotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born,
 Youth and Joy, to Jove hath sworn
 • But now my task is smoothly done
 I can fly, or I can run
 Quickly to the green earth's end
 Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the moon.

Mortals, that would follow me,
 Love • Virtue, she alone is free,
 She can teach ye how to climb
 Higher than the spheric chime,
 Or if Virtue feeble were
 Heaven itself would stoop to her

XXII

LYCIDAS.

IN THIS MONODY THE AUTHOR BEWAILS A DEPARTED
 FRIEND, UNFORTUNATELY DROWNED IN HIS
 PASSAGE FROM CHESTER ON THE IRISH
 SEAS, 1637, AND BY OCCASION POR-
 TRAYS THE RUIN OF OUR COR-
 RUPTED CLERGY, THEN
 IN THEIR HEIGHT

YET once more O ye laurels, and once more
 Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries hush and clude
 And with forc'd fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
 Without the meed of some melodious tear

Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,
 And as he pass's turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
 For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove afield, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,
 'Tow'rd Heav'n's descent had stop'd his west'ring
 wheel.

Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to th' oaten flute,
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fawns with clov'd heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long.
 And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn.
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now ~~no~~ more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint worn to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Closed o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old birds, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
 Ah me! I fondly dream
 Had ye been there for what could that have done?
 What could the muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The muse herself for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless muse?
 Were it not better done as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Næra's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,

And flits the thin spun life. But not the praise,
 Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
 Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glist'ring foil
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
 But now my oar proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea;
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beaked promontory;
 They knew not of his story,
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stay'd,
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flow'r inscrib'd with woe.

Ah! Who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake,
 Two rusty keys he bore of metals twain,
 (The golden opens, the iron shuts amain)
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young twain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,
 Than how to scramble at the sheavers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest,
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to
 hold

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But, swell'd with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread.
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said,
 But that two-handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use

Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strow the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ah me! Whilst thee the shores, and founding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the welming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where, the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks tow'rd Namancos and Bayona's hold;
 Look homeward angel now, and melt with ruth:
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
 Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor;

So sinks the day star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear night of him that walk'd the waves,
 Where other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love
 There entertain him all the spirits above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more,
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with fadful gray,
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the western bay,
 At last he rose and twitch'd his mantle blue,
 To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

XVIII.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.

Q^UIS MULTA GRACILIS TE PUIX IN ROSA,
 H^UNDRLD ALMOST WORD FOR WORD WITHOUT
 RHIME, ACCORDING TO THE LATIN MEAS-
 SURE, AS NEAR AS THE LANGUAGE
 WILL PERMIT

WHAT slender youth bedew'd with liquid odours
 Counts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
 Pyrrius for whom bind'st thou
 In wreaths thy golden hair,
 Plain in thy neatnets? Oh how oft shall he
 On futh and changed gods complain, and seas
 Rough with black winds and storms
 Unwonted shall admire!
 Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
 Who always virtut always amiable
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales
 Unmindful Haplets they
 To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
 Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the sea god of sea.

AD PYRRHAM. ODE V.

HORATIUS EX PYRRHE ILLICITIBUS TANQUAM
 I NAUFRAGIO INATAVERAT, QUIUS
 AMORE IRRITIUS, AFFIRMAT
 ESSSE MISEROS

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
 Perfusus liquidis uiget odoribus,
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
 Cui flavam religas comam
 Simplex munditiis: heu quoties fidem
 Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
 Nigris æquora ventis
 Emirabitur insolens!
 Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurca
 Qui semper vacuam semper amabilem
 Sperat, nescius auræ
 Fallacis Miseri quibus
 Intentata nitens. Me tabula facer
 Votiva paries indicat uvida
 Suspendisse potenti
 Vestimenta maris Deo

XIX.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE

UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
 And with stiff vows renounc'd his Liturgy,
 To seize the widow'd whore Plurality
 From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd.
 Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
 To force our consciences that Christ set free,
 And ride us with a classic hierarchy
 Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?
 Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
 Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
 Must now be nam'd and printed Heretics
 By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d'ye call:
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
 Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,
 That to the Parliament
 May with their wholesome and preventive shears
 Clip your phylacteries, though balk your ears,
 And succour our just fears,
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
 New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.

SONNETS.



I.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

• O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbofa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamorà,
Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor faette ed arco,
La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, ch' di te si truova indegno;
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invocchi.

III.

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
L'avvezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
Destà il fior novo di strana favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.

Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deh! fofs' il mio cuor lento c'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

CANZONE.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi
 M' a'costandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t'osi?
 Dinne, se' la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensierilo miglior t' arrivi;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t'aspettan, et altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
 L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
 Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, é il mio cuore
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

IV.

DIODATI, e te'l dirò con meraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa
 Già caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
 Ne trecce d' oro, ne guancia vermiglia
 M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea

Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
 El cantai che di mezzo l'hemisferio
 Trovar ben puo la fatidica Luna,
 L' de gli occhi tuoi auventi si giunse fuoco
 Che l'uccia gli orecchi mi fa poco.

V

PER certo i bei vostri occhi, Donna mia,
 L'idea non puo che non si in lo mio sole
 Si mi percuoton forte, come ci fuole
 Per l'arore di libri chi s'invia,
 Mentre un caldo vapor (me sciti prii)
 Da quel lito si spinge ove mi duole,
 Che forse amanti nelle lor pirole
 Chiaman sospir, io non so che si fia
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si celi
 Scoffo mi il petto, e poi un po' di poco
 Quivi d'attorno o sagghiercia, o singula
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunger' i trovat loco
 Tutte le notti a me fuol far piove
 Finche mia Alba riven colma di rose.

VI

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio solo,
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
 Firo divoto, io certo a prove tante

L'ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
 S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante,
 Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vigo,
 F di cetta sonora, e delle muse
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
 Ove Amor muse l' insanabil ago.

VII.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF
TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits indu' th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven,
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye

VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED
TO THE CITY

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
 Whole chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them and him within protect from harms
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas
 Whatever climb the sun's bright circle wains
 Lest not thy spear against the Musc's bow
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tow'r
 Went to the ground. And the repeated in
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare

IX

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY

LADY that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the hill of heav'nly truth
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth

Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.
 Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wife and pure.

X.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good earl, once president
 Of England's council, and her treasury,
 Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till sad the breaking of that parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At Chæronæa, fatal to liberty,
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

XI.

ON THE

DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON
MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

A BOOK was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
 And woven close, both matter, form and style;
 The subject new: it walk'd the town a while,
 Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
 Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on
 A title page is this! and some in file
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
 End Green. Why is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,
 Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp,
 Thy age, like our's, O Soul of sir John Cheek,
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
 When thou taught'st Cambridge and king Edward,
 Greek.

XII.

ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,
 When straight a barbarous noise environs me
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes and dogs:
 As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs

Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
 And still revolt when truth would set them free.
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
 But iron that mark how far they rove we see
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII.

TO MR. H. LAWES ON HIS AIRS.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well measur'd song
 First taught our English music how to span
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With Midas ears, committing short and long;
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
 With praise enough for envy to look wan;
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
 That with smooth air could'st humour best our
 tongue.
 Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
 To honour thee, the priest of Phoebus quire,
 That turn'st their happiest lines in hymn, or story.
 Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher
 Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing
 Met in the milder shades of purgatory.

XIV

ON THE

RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHARINE
THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND, . .
DECEASED 16 DECER. 1646

WHEN faith and love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.
Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod,
But as faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and faith who knew them best
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest.
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams

XV.

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze

And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings,
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
 (For what can war, but endless war still breed?).
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud In vain doth valour bleed,
 While avarice and rapine share the land.

XVI.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still; peace hath her victories
 No less renown'd than war: new foes arise
 Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains:
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

XVII.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held
 The helm of Rome, when 'gowns not arms repell'd
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
 The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd,
 Then to advise how war may best upheld
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
 In all her equipage besides to know
 Both spiritual pow'r and civil, what each means,
 What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few
 have done:
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
 Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XVIII.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones.
 Forget not: in thy book record their groans

Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
 O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
 A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe

XIX.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
 I fondly ask: But patience to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

XX

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a fullen day, what may be won
 From the hard season gaining? time will run
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily' and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, whose grandfirc, on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause
 Pronounc'd, and in his volumes taught our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;
 To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
 Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French.

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XXII.

TO THE SAME.

CYRIAC, this three years day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to' have lost them overply'd
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side,
This thought might lead me through the world's
vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alceſtis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great ſon to her glad huſband gave,
Reſcued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom waſh'd from ſpot of child-bed taint
Purification in the old law did ſave,
And ſuch, as yet once more I truſt to have
Full ſight of her in Heav'n without reſtraint,
Came veſted all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied ſight
Love, ſweetneſs, goodneſs, in her perſon ſhin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me ſhe inclin'd,
I wak'd, ſhe fled, and day brought back my night.

PSALMS.



PSALM I.

DONE INTO VERSE 1653.

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorner hath not sat. But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watry streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II.

DONE AUGUST 8, 1653. TERZETTE.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upstand
 With pow'r, and princes in their congregations
 Lay deep their plots together through each land
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twitted cords. He who in Heav'n doth dwell
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then he will
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
 And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
 On Sion my holy' hill. A firm decree
 I will declare; the Lord to me hath said
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made,
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
 Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
 With iron sceptre bruis'd, and them disperse
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
 And now be wise at length ye Kings averse,
 Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
 With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear
 In anger and ye perish in the way,
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel fere.
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

P S A L M III.

AUGUST 9, 1653.

WHEN HE FLED FROM ABSALOM.

LORD how many are my foes!
 How many those
 That in arms against me rise!
 Many are they
 That of my life distrustfully thus say,
 No help for him in God there lies.
 But thou Lord art my shield, my glory,
 Thee through my story
 Th' exalter of my head I count,
 Aloud I cry'd
 Unto Jchovah, he full soon reply'd
 And heard me from his holy mount.
 I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions
 The populous rout
 I fear not, though incamping round about
 They pitch against me their pavilions.
 Rise, Lord, save me my God, for thou
 Hast smote ere now
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,
 Of men abhorr'd
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
 Thy blessing on thy people flows

P S A L M ^I IV.

AUGUST 10, 1688.

ANSWER me when I call,
 God of my righteousness,
 In straits and in distress
 Thou didst me disenthral
 And set at large; now spare,

Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r,
 Great ones how long will ye
 My glory have in scorn,
 How long be thus forborn
 Still to love vanity,
 To love, to seek, to prize

Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies;
 Yet know the Lord hath chose,
 Chose to himself apart,
 The good and meek of heart
 (For whom to choose he knows)
 Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice what time to him I cry
 Be aw'd, and do not sin,
 Speak to your hearts alone,
 Upon your beds, each one,
 And be at peace within.
 Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
 Many there be that say
 Who yet will show us good?
 Talking like this world's brood;
 But, Lord, thus let me pray,

On us lift up the light

Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.

Into my heart more joy

And gladness thou hast put,

'Than when a year of glut

Their stores doth over-cloy,

And from their plentiful grounds

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.

In peace at once will I

Both lay me down and sleep,

For thou alone dost keep

Me safe where'er I lie ;

As in a rocky cell

'Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

P S A L M V.

AUG. 12, 1653.

• JEH^hOVAH to my words give ear,

• My meditation weigh,

• The voice of my complaining hear

My King and God, for unto thee I pray.

Jehovah thou my early voice

Shalt in the morning hear,

I th' morning I to thee with choice

Will rank my pray'rs, and watch till thou appear.

For thou art not a God that takes

In wickedness delight,

Evil with thee no biding makes,

Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.

All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;
The bloody' and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will in thy mercies dear
Thy numerous mercies go
Into thy house; I in thy fear
Will tow'rd's thy holy temple worship low.
Lord lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me because of those
That do observe if I transgress,
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
For in his faltering mouth unstable
No word is firm or sooth;
Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd;
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou Jehovah wilt be found
To bless the just man still,
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

P S A L M VI.

AUG. 13, 1653.

LORD in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
And very weak and faint; heal and amend me.
For all my bones, that ev'n with anguish ach,
Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore,
And thou, O Lord, how long? turn Lord, restore
My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake:
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
Wearied I am with sighing out my days,
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
I th' midst of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my pray'r,
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
With much confusion; then grown red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

P S A L M VII.

AUG. 14, 1653.

UPON THE WORDS OF CHUSH THE BENJAMITE
AGAINST HIM.

LORD my God to thee I fly,
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
Left as a lion (and no wonder)
He haste to tear my soul asunder,
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wronged...
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd less,
And not free'd my foe for nought;

Let th' enemy pursue my soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust and there outspread
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise Jehovah in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;

And wake for me, their fury' assuage;
 Judgment here thou didst engage
 And command which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each nation
 Will surround thee, seeking right,
 Thence to thy glorious habitation
 Return on high and in their fight
 Jehovah judgeth most upright
 All people from the world's foundation,

Judge me Lord, be judge in this
 According to my righteousness,
 And the innocence which is
 Upon me: cause at length to cease
 Of evil men the wickedness
 And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
 Since thou art the just God that tries,
 Hearts and reins. On God is cast
 My defence, and in him lies,
 In him who both just and wise
 Saves the upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,
 And God is every day offended;
 If the unjust will not forbear,
 His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
 Already, and for him intended
 The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
 For them that persecute) Behold
 He travels big with vanity,
 Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
 As in a womb, and from that mould
 Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
 And fell into the pit he made,
 His mischief that due course doth keep,
 Turns on his head, and his ill trade
 Of violence will undelay'd
 Fall on his crown with ruin streep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
 According to his justice raise,
 And sing the name and deity
 Of Jehovah the most high

P S A L M VIII

AUG. 14, 1653.

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!
 So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set
 Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
 Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
 To smite th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,
 That bends his rage thy providence to' oppose.

When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy fingers art,
The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
O what is man that thou rememberest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found;
Scarce to be less than gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forest meet,

Fowl of the Heav'ns, and fish that through the wet
Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

APRIL. 1618 J. M.

NINE OF THE PSALMS DONE INTO METRE, WHEREIN
ALL, BUT WHAT IS IN A DIFFERENT CHARAC-
TER, ARE THE VERY WORDS OF THE
TEXT, TRANSLATED FROM
THE ORIGINAL.

PSALM LXXX

- 1 THOU shepherd that dost Israel keep
Give ear *in time of need*,
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Joseph's seed,
That sitst between the Cherubs *bright*
Between their arms out spread
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light*,
And on our foes thy dread
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manasse's sight,
Awake thy strength, come, and *be seen*
To save us by thy might
- 3 Turn us again, *thy grace desire*
To us O God vouchsafe,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy smoking wrath, ~~and~~ *angry brow*
Against thy people's prayer!

- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
 Their bread with tears they eat,
 And mak'st them largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*
 To every neighbour foe,
 Among themselves they laugh, they play,
 And flouts at us they throw.
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
O God of Hosts vouchsafe,
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
 And drov'st out nations, *proud and haughty,*
 To plant this lovely vine.
- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
 And root it deep and fast,
 That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land at last.
- 10 With her *green* shade that cover'd all,
 The hills were *overspread,*
 Her boughs as *high as cedars tall*
Advanc'd their lofty head.
- 11 Her branches *on the western side*
 Down to the sea she sent,
 And upward to ~~the~~ *that river wide*
 Her other branches *went.*
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
 And broken down her fence,
 That all may pluck her, as they go
With rudest violence?

- 13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild beasts there browse, and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heav'n, thy seat divine,
Behold us, *but without a frown,*
And visit this *thy* vine.
- 15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long,*
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consum'd with fire,
And cut *with axes* down,
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid,*
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame,
Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy name.
- 19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
Lord God of Hosts *vouchsafe,*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

P S A L M LXXXI.

- 1 To God our strength sing loud, *and clear.*
Sing loud to God *our King,*
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*
Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
The timbrel hither bring,
The *cheerful* psaltry bring along,
And harp *with* pleasant *string.*
- 3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new moon
With trumpets *lofty sound,*
Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast *comes round.*
- 4 This was a statute *giv'n of old*
For Israel *to observe,*
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*
From whence they might not *swerve,*
- 5 This he a testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, *not to change,*
When as he pass'd through Egypt land;
The tongue I heard was strange.
- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil,*
I set his shoulder free:
His hands from pots, *and miry soil,*
Deliver'd were *by me.*
- 7 When trouble did thee sore assail,
On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail,*
And led thee out of *thrall.*

- I answer'd thee in thunder deep
 With clouds encompass'd round ;
 I try'd thee at the water *step* .
 Of Meriba *renown'd*.
- 8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well*,
 I testify to thee,
Thou ancient flock of Israel,
 If thou wilt list to me,
- 9 Throughout the land of thy abode
 No alien god shall be,
 Nor shalt thou to a foreign god
 In honour bend thy knee.
- 10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
 Thee out of Egypt land ;
 Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,
 Will grant thy full demand
- 11 And yet my people would not *hear*,
Nor hearken to my voice ;
 And Israel, *whom I lov'd so dear*,
 Mislik'd me for his choice.
- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,
 And to their waud'ring mind ;
 Their own conceits they follow'd still,
 Their own devices blind.
- 13 O that my people would *be wise*,
To serve me all their days,
 And O that Israel would *advise*
To walk my righteous ways.
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise,
 And turn my hand against *all those*
That are their enemies.

15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend,

But *they, his people, should remain,*
 Their time should have no end.

16 And he would feed them *from the shock*
 With flour of finest wheat,

And satisfy them from the rock

• • With honey *for their meat.*

• P S A L M LXXXII.

1 God in the great assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states,
 Among the Gods, on both his hands
 He judges and debates.

2 How long will ye pervert the right
 With judgment false and wrong,
 Favouring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and strong?

3 • Regard the weak and fatherless,
 • Dispatch the poor man's cause,
 And raise the man in deep distress
 By just and equal laws.

4 Defend the poor and desolate,
 And rescue from the hands
 Of wicked men the low estate
 Of him *that help demands.*

5 They know not, nor will understand,
 In darkness they walk on,
 The earth's foundations all are mov'd,
 And out of order gone.

- 6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all
The sons of God most high;
7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die*.
8 Rise God, judge thou the earth *in might*,
This *wicked* earth redrets,
For thou art he who shalt by right
The nations all possels.

P S A L M LXXXIII.

- 1 Be not thou silent *now at length*,
O God hold not thy peace,
Sit thou not still O God of *strength*,
We cry, and do not cease.
2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* swell,
And storm outrageously,
And they that hate thee *proud and fill*
Exalt their heads full high
3 Against thy people they contrive
Their plots and counsels deep,
Them to insnare they chiefly strive,
Whom thou dost hide and keep.
4 Come let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no nation be,
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory.
5 For they consult with all their might,
And all as one in mind
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.

- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
 Of *scornful* Ishmael,
 Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell,
- 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*
 And *hateful* Amalek,
 The Philistims, and they of Tyre,
 • • *Whose bounds the Sea doth check.*
- 8 With them *great* Asshur also bands
And doth confirm the knot:
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
That wasted all the coast,
 To Sifera, and as *is told*
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repuls'd and slain,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
 • *As^d dung upon the plain.*
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
 So let their princes speed,
 As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bleed,*
 So let their princes *bleed.*
- 12 For they *amidst their pride* have said,
 By right now shall we seize
 God's houses, and *will now invade*
 • Their stately palaces.
- 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find,
 Giddy and *restless* let them reel
 Like stubble from the wind.

- 14 *As when an aged wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays,
The greedy flame runs higher and higher
Till all the mountains blaze,*
- 15 *So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase;*
- 16 *And till they yield thee honour due;
Lord fill with shame their face.*
- 17 *Asham'd, and troubled let them be,
Troubled, and sham'd for ever,
Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, and scape it never.*
- 18 *Then shall they know that thou whose name
Jehovah is alone,
Art the most high, and thou the same
O'er all the earth art one.*

P S A L M LXXXIV.

- 1 *How lovely are thy dwellings, fair!
O Lord of Hosts, how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!*
- 2 *My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts O Lord to see, *
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.*
- 3 *There ev'n the sparrow freed from wrong
Hath found a house of rest.
The swallow there, to lay her young
Hath built her brooding nest,*

- Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the coasts
Toward thee, my King, my God.
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
 Where thee they ever praise,
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
 • And in their hearts thy ways.
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
That dry and barren ground,
 As through a fruitful watry dale
 Where springs and show'rs abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
 In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts hear *now* my prayer,
 O Jacob's God give ear,
- 9 Thou, God our shield look on the face
 ' Of thy anointed *dear*.
- 10 For one day in thy courts *to be*
 Is better, *and more blest,*
 Than *in the joys of vanity*
 A thousand days *at best.*
 I in the temple of my God
 Had rather keep a door,
 • Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*
 With sin *for evermore.*
- 11 For God the Lord both sun and shield
 Gives grace and glory *bright,*
 No good from them shall be withheld
 Whose ways are just and right.

- 12 Lord God of Hosts *that reignst on high,*
 That man is *truly* blest,
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,
 And in thee only rest

P S A L M LXXXV.

- 1 Thy hand to favour graciously
 Thou hast not Lord been slack,
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity
 Returned Jacob back
- 2 Thine iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
 And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*
 Hast hid *where none shall know*
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed,
 And *calmly* didst return
 From thy fierce wrath which we had prov'd
 Far worse than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace,
 Turn us, and us restore,
 Thine indignation cease to cease
 Toward us, *and chide no more.*
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
 For ever angry thus,
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
 From age to age on us?
- 6 Wilt thou not turn, and *hear our voice,*
 And us again revive,
 That to thy people may rejoice
 By thee preserv'd alive.

- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
 To us thy mercy shew,
 Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew,
- 8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak,
 I will go *straight* and hear,
 For to his people he speaks peace,
 And to his saints *full dear*,
 To his dear saints he will speak peace.
 But let them never more
 Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.
- 9 Surely to such as do him fear
 Salvation is at hand,
 And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our land.
- 10 Mercy and Truth *that long were mis'd*
 Now *joyfully* are met,
 Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set.
- 11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flow'r*,
 Shall bud and blossom *then*,
 And Justice from her heav'nly bow'r
 Look down *on mortal men.*
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow
 Whatever thing is good,
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw
 Her fruits *to be our food.*
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go
His royal harbinger,
 Then will he come, and not be slow,
 His footsteps cannot err,

PSALM LXXXVI.

- 1 **THY** *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline,
O hear me *I thee pray*,
For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, *and soul decay*
- 2 Preserve my soul, for I have trod
Thy ways, and love the just,
Save thou thy servant, O my God,
Who *still* in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; 4. O make rejoice
Thy servant's soul, for Lord to thee
I lift my soul *and voice*
- 5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
O' my *incessant* prayer afford
Thy hearing graciously.
- 7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee *for aid*;
For thou wilt *grant me free access*,
And answer what I pray'd.
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.

- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made
 Shall come, *and all shall frame*
 To bow them low before thee, Lord,
 And glorify thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great
 By thy strong hand are done,
 Thou *in thy everlasting seat*
 Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,
 • I in thy truth will bide,
 To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
 With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
 Thy name for evermore.
- 13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,
 And thou hast free'd my foul,
 Ev'n from the lowest Hell set free,
 • *From deepest darkness foul.*
- 14 O God the proud against me rise,
 And violent men are met
 To seek my life, and in their eyes
 No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou, O Lord, art the God most mild,
 Readiest thy grace to shew,
 • Slow to be angry, and *art shy'd*
 Most merciful, most true.
- 16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
 And me have mercy on,
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,
 And save thy handmaid's son.

- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,
 And let my foes *then* see,
 And be asham'd, because thou Lord
 Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 AMONG the holy mountains *high*
 Is his foundation fast,
There seated is his sanctuary,
His temple there is plac'd.
- 2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more
 Than all the dwellings *fair*
 Of Jacob's land, *though there be store,*
And all within his care.
- 3 City of God, most glorious things
 Of thee *abroad* are spoke;
- 4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke.
 I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia full of scorn,
 And Tyre with Ethiops *utmost ends,*
 Lo this man there was born:
- 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
Be said of Sion last,
 This and this man was born in her,
 High God shall fix her fast.
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll
 That ne'er shall be out-worn,
 When he the nations doth inroll,
 That this man there was born.

- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,
With sacred songs are there,
 In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*
And all my fountains clear.

• P S A L M LXXXVIII.

• .

- 1 LORD God that dost me save and keep,
 • All day to thee I cry;
 And all night long before thee *weep,*
 Before thee *prostrate lie.*
- 2 Into thy presence let my pray'r
With sighs devout ascend,
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*
 Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
 Surcharg'd my soul doth lie,
 My life at death's *uncheerful door*
 • Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
 Down to the *dismal pit,*
 I am a man, but weak alas,
 And for that name unfit.
- 5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
 Among the dead to *sleep,*
 And like the slain in *bloody fight*
 That in the grave lie *deep.*
 Whom thou rememberest no more,
 Dost never more regard,
 Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous house hath barr'd.

- 6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
 Hast set me *all forlorn*,
 Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
 In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
- 7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter serves*,
 Full sore doth press on me;
 Thou break'st upon me all thy ways,
 And all thy waves break me.
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
 And mak'st me odious,
 Me to them odious, *for they change*,
 And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,
 Mine eye grows dim and dead,
 Lord, all the day I thee intreat,
 My hands to thee I spread.
- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
 Shall the deceas'd arise
 And praise thee *from their loathsome bed* •
With pale and hollow eyes?
- 11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
 On whom the grave *hath hold*,
 Or they who in perdition dwell,
 Thy faithfulness *unfold*?
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty hand •
 Or wondrous acts be known,
 Thy justice in the gloomy land
 Of *dark oblivion*?
- 13 But I ~~to thee~~ O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent,
 And *up to thee* my pray'r doth lie,
 Each morn, and thee prevent.

- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
And hide thy face from me?
- 15 That am already bruise'd, and shake
With terrour sent from thee?
Bruise'd, and afflicted, and *so low*
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
Astonish'd with thine ire.
- 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
• Thy threatnings cut me through:
- 17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me pursue.
- 18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,
And sever'd from me far:
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkness are.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

• THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PSALM WERE
• DONE BY THE AUTHOR AT
• FIFTEEN YEARS OLD.

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled Sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head

Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
 As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil. .
 The high, huge-bellied mountains skipt like rams
 Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
 Why fled the ocean? And why skipt the mountains?
 Why turned Jordan tow'rd his crysal fountains?
 Shake Earth, and at the presence be aghast
 Of him that ever was, and aye shall last,
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush
 And make soft rills from fiery flint stones gush.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladsome mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
 For of gods he is the God;
 For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
 For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make
 Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.
 For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted Heav'ns so full of state.
For his, &c.

Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watry plain.
For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made world with light
For his, &c.

And caus'd the golden-tress'd sun,
All the day long his course to run.
For his, &c.

The horned moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand
Smote the first-born of Egypt land
For his, &c.

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel
For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main.
For his, &c.

The floods stood still like walls of gla.
While the Hebrew bands did pass.
For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.
For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.
For his, &c.

He toil'd bold Seon and his host,
That rul'd the Amorrean coast.
For his, &c.

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.
For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell.
For his, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery.
For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For his, &c,

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.

For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.

For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOANNIS MILTONI,

LONDINENSIS,

POEMATA.

QUORUM PLERAQUE INTRA ANNUM ÆTATIS
VIGESIMUM CONSCRIPSIT.

HÆc quæ sequuntur de autore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, ed quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimis laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, iudicium interim hominum, cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

JOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS,

MARCHIO VILLENSIS, NEAPOLITANUS,

AD

JOANNEM MILTONIUM, ANGLUM.

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipse fores.

AD

JOANNEM MILTONEM, ANGLUM,

TRIPLICI POESEOS LAUREA CORONANDUM,

GRÆCA NIMIRUM, LATINA, ATQUE

HETRUSCA, EPIGRAMMA

JOANNIS SALSILLI, ROMANI.

Cede Mæles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;

Sebetus Tassum definat usque loqui;

At Themæsis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,

Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

AD JOANNEM MILTONUM.

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

SELVAGGI.

AL

SIGNIOR GIO. MILTONI;

NOBILE INGLESE.

O D E.

ERGIMI all' Etra ò Clio
Perche gli stelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona
Dienfi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l' oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m'adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del Ocean profondo

Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia rifiede

Separata dal mondo,

Però che il suo valor l'umana eccede:

Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,

Ch' hanno a ragion del fovruman tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita

Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetta,

Quella gli è sol gradita,

Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;

Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto

Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido

Spinse Zeusi l' industre ardente brama;

Ch' odio d'Helena il grido

Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,

E per poterla effigiare al paro

Dalle più belle Idee tratte il più raro.

Così l'Ape Ingegnosa

Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato

Dal giglio e dalla rosa,

E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;

Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,

Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amenta

Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti

Le peregrine pianto

Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;
 Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
 E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.

Fabro quasi divino
 Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
 Vide in ogni confino
 Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
 L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
 Per fabbricar d'ogni virtù l'Idèa

Quanti nacquerò in Flora
 O in lei del parlar Tosco appressai l'arte,
 La cui memoria onora
 Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
 Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
 E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
 Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
 Che per varie favelle
 Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:
 Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo più degno Idioma
 Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma

I più profondi arcani
 Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
 Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani
 Troppo avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e ferra,
 Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
 Della moral virtude al gran confine

Non batta il Tempo l'ale,
 Fermisi immoto, e in un fermar si gl' anni,
 Che di virtù immortale
 Scorrin di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
 Che s'opre degne di Poema o storia
 Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
 Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,
 •Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
 Di fartì huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
 Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso
 Per te suo cigno parreggiar Permeffo.

Io che in riva del Arno
 Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
 So che fatico indarno,
 E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
 Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
 Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

DEL SIG. ANTONIO FRANCINI, GENTILHUOMO

FIorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI

LONDINENSI.

JUVENI PATRIA, VIRTUTIBUS EXIMIO,

VIRO qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novis Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint, in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos cœlestium sphaerarum sonitus astronomia duce audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra philosophia le-

genti; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assidua autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famae non
sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est,
reverentiae et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum
admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus, Patricius
Florentinus.

TANTO HOMINI SERVUS, TANTÆ VIRTUTIS AMATOR.

ELEGIARUM

LIBER PRIMUS.



ELEGIA PRIMA

AD CAROLUM DEODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit et voces nunciâ charta tuas;
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab ora
Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.
Multùm crede juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
Quoddque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua socalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere iussâ velit.
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamefis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revîsere Camum.
Nec dudum vetiti me larîs angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
Quam male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!

Nec duri libet usque minas, preferre magistri

Cæteraque ingenio non fubeunda meo.

Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,

Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,

Non ego vel profugi nomen, fortemve recuso

Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.

O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset

Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;

Non tunc Ionio quicquam cecidisset Homero,

Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.

Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis

Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.

Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,

Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.

Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,

Seu procus, aut posita casside miles adest,

Sive decennali fœcundus lite patrônus

Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;

Sæpe vaser gnato succurrit servus amanti,

Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;

Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores

Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.

Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum

Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,

Et dolet, et spectro, juvat et spectasse dolendo,

Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest:

Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit

Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amorê cadit,

Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor

Conscia funereo pectora torre movens,

Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,

Aut luit incestos aula Crontis avos.

Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ confitus ulmo,
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sidera flammæ
Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
Atque facies quotquot volvit uterque polus;
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor;
Pellacesque genas, ad quos hyacinthina sordet
Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite Achæmeniaë turrîtâ fronte puellæ,
Eæ quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpæia Musa columnas
Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
Extera sat tibi sit sœmina posse sequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis
Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno
Endynionææ turba ministra deæ,

Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auróque puellæ
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
 Creditur huc geminis venisse inveſta columbis
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
 Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
 Huic Paphon, et roſcam poſt habitura Cypron.
 Aſt ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci,
 Mœnia quàm ſubitò linquere fauſta paro,
 Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
 Atria, divini Molyos uſus opè.
 Stat quoque juncosſas Cami remeare paludes,
 Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEGIA SECUNDA,

ANNO ETATIS 17.

 IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ADADEMICI
 CANTABRIGIENSIS.

Te, qui conſpicuus baculo fulgente ſolebas
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
 Ultima præconum præconem te quoque ſæva
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipſa ſuo.
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
 Sub quibus accipimus delituiſſe Jovem,
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio juveneſcere ſucco,
 Dignus in Æſonios vivere poſſe dies,
 Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
 Arte Coronides, ſæpe rogante dea.

Tu si iussus cras acies accire togatas,
 Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
 Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula
 Alipes, ætherea missus ab arce Patris.
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
 Rettulit Atridæ iussa severa ducis.
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegia tristes,
 Personet et totis mœnia mœsta scholis.

ELEGIA TERTIA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS.

Mœstus eram, et tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,
 Hærebantque animo tristitia plura meo,
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres,
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis:

Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipue luxi dignissime Præsul,
Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ,
Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar,
Mors fera Tartaræo diva secunda Jovi,
Nonne satis quod sylva tuas pertransiat iras,
Et quod in herbosos jus tibi datur agros,
Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, et pulchræ Cupidi sacra rota,
Nec finis ut scrupei fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapsus præteruntis aquæ?
Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cælo
Evchitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invidi, tanti tibi cum sit concessit potestas;
Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
Semideamque animam sedec fugâsse suâ?
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartessiacæ submerferat aequore currum
Phæbus, ab eo littore mensus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo posui et fovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos
Cum mihi visus etiam lato spatiarier agro,
Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce
Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.

Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyrō Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis,
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipse raciniferis dum densas vitibus umbras
Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subito Præful Wintonius astat,
Sidercum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Insula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit læto florea terra sono.
Agmina gemmatīs plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;
Nate veni, et patri felix cape gaudia regni,
Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmæ,
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,
Talla contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

ELEGIA QUARTA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 18.

AD THOMAM JUNIUM, PRÆCEPTOREM SUUM, APUD
MERCATORIS ANGLICOS, HAMBURGÆ
AGENTIS, PASTORIS MUNERE
IUNGENTEM.

CURRE per immensum subitò mea littera pontum,
I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;
Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obset eunti,
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,
Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi fume jugales,
Vestæ quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis aënas
Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
Præsul Christicolæ pascere doctus oves;
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Ilei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
Me faciunt ~~ab~~ parte carere mei!

- Charior ille mihi quàm tu doctissime Graium
 Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
 Quamque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
 Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrëus Heros
 Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
 Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
 • Lustabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
 Picriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
 Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
 Flammeus at, signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
 Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
 • Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlorig senilem
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
 Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
 Forfitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,
 Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
 Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
 • Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
 • Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.

Sera quidem. sed vera fuit, quam castra recepit
Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxanique fatetur,
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
Tu modò da veniam falso, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe sarisiferi crudelia pectora Thracis .
Supplicis ad mœstas delinere preces.
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
Jamque diu scripssisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntiâ vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et fata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat;
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos;
Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
Fugit et arisonam Diva perosa tubam,
Fugit io terris, et jam non ultima virgo
Creditor ad superas iussa volasse domos.
Te tamen intercè belli circumsonat horror,
Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
Sede peregrinâ quaris egenus opem.

Patria dura parens, et faxis sævior albis
Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
Siccome te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
Siccome in externam ferrea cogis humum,
Et finis ut terris quarrant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
Et qui læta ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique
Quævia post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
Aternâque animæ digna perire famel!
Haud aliter gates terræ Theſbitidis olim
Preſſit inaffueto devia teſqua pede,
Deſertaſque Arabum ſalebras, dum regis Achabi
Eſſugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis et horriſono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Aemathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piſcoſaque ipſum Gergeſſæ civis læſum
Finibus ingratus juſſit abire ſuis.
At tu ſequere animos, nec ſpes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolor oſſa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obſitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inermis latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibit.
Namque eris ipſe Dæi radiante ſub ægide tutus,
Ille tibi cuſtos, et pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionæ qui tot ſub mœnibus arcis
Aſſyrios fudit nocte ſilente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Miſit ab antiquis præſca Damafcus agris,
Terruit et denſas pavidæ cum rege cohortes,
Aere dum vacuo buccina clara ſonat,

Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentium,
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta vuūm.
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) spectare memento,
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

ELEGIA QUINTA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 20.

IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

In se perpetuo Tempus revolvibile gyro
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virefcit humus.
 Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
 (Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen operat,
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt,
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
 Et furor, et sonitus me tacet intus agit.
 Delius ipse venit, video Peneide lauro
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;

Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
Et mihi sana patent interiora Deûm;

Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Neo fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.

Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?

Quid parit hæc rabies, quid facer iste furor?

Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;

Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.

Jam Philomela tuos foliis adopterta novellis

Infutuis modulos, dum filet omne nemus:

Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,

Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.

Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores

Veris, et hoc subcat Musa perennis opus.

Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,

Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.

Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,

Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.

Janique Lycaonius plaustrum cœleste Bootes

Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;

Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto

Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.

Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,

Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.

Forte aliquis scopulâ recubans in vertice pastor,

Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,

Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ

Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.

Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit

Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,

Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur

Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.

Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,
Quid juvat effæto procubuisse toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocius urget equos
Exiit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos;
Et cupit, et digna est, quid enim formosius illâ.
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
Atque Arabum spirat menses, et ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis!
Ecce coronatur sacro fion ardua luo,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
Floribus effusus ut erat redimita capillos
Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aspice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.
Cinnamæa Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi glaucum in usus
Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
Quodd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Anor)
Illa tibi ostentat quasunque sub æquore vasto,
Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quous cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
In verspertinas præcipitaris aquas,

Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem Phœbe diurno
Hesperiiis recipit Cærula mater aquis?

Quid tibi cum Tethy! Quid cum Tarteside lym-
phâ,

Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?

Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,

• Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.

• Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,

Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.

Quâque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans

Aura per^h humentes corpora fusa rosas.

Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelœia fata,

Nec Phætonteo fumidus axis equo;

Cum tu Phœbe tuo sapientius uteris igni,

Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.

Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;

Mattis in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.

Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido.

• Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.

• Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis.

Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.

Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,

Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica focis.

Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,

Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.

Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,

Littus io Hymen, et cava saxa sonant.

Cultior ille venit tunis âque decentior aptâ,

Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.

Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris

Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus.

Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus
unum,

Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor
Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea ruia choro,
Sylvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
Pei fata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Consult in trepidos dum sibi nymphea pedes;
Jamque latet, latitanque cupit male tecta videri,
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.
Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris
Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales
Quâ potes, et sensim tempora veris eant;
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo.

* ELEGIA SEXTA.

AD .

CAROLUM DEODATUM

RURI COMMORANTEM,

- QUI CUM IDIBUS DECEMB. SCRIPSISSET, ET SUA CAR-
- MINA EXCUSARI POSTULASSET SI SOLITO MINUS
- ESSINT BONA, QUOD INTER LAUTITIAS QUIBUS
- ERAT AB AMICIS EXCEPTUS, HAUD SATIS FELICEM
- OPERAM MUSIS DARE SE POSSE AFFIRMABAT, HOC
- HABUIT RESPONSUM.

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,

Qua tu distento fortè carere potes.

At tua quid nostram proleſcat Musa camœnam,

Nec finit optatas poſſe ſequi tenebras?

Carmine ſcire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,

Crede mihi vix hoc carmine ſcire queas.

- Nam neque noſter amor modulis includitur arſtis,

- Nec venit ad claudos integer ipſe pedes.

- Quàm bene ſolennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,

Feſtaque cœliſugam quæ coluere Deum,

- Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,

Hauſtaque per lepidos Gallica muſta focos!

Quid quereris reſugam vino dapibuſque poeſin?

Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.

Nec puduit Phœbum virides geſtaſſe corymbos,

Atque hederam lauro præpoſuiſſe ſuæ.

Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Eux

Miſta Thyoneo turba novena choro.

Næſo Corallæis mala carmina miſit ab agris:

Nôn illic epulæ, nôn ſata vitis erat.

Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyarum
 Cantavit brevibus Teia Musa modis?
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
 Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
 Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
 Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomumque Chloer.
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet
 Massica tæcundam despumant pocula vestam,
 Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
 Addimus his artes, fufumque per intima Phœbum
 Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
 Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
 Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi carlato barbitos auro
 Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu;
 Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
 Illa tuas fahem teneant spectacula Musas,
 Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners
 Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plestrum
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpente Phœbum,
 Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
 Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est,
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;
 Liber adest, elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
 Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.

Talibus inde licent convivium larga poetis,
 Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero.
 At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cælum,
 Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
 Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta decorum,
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
 Ille quidem parei Samii pro more magistri
 Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos;
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
 Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
 Additur lævæ scelerisque vacans, et casta juvenus,
 Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.
 Qualis veste nitens, faciâ, et lustralibus undis
 Surgit ad infensos augur iture Deos.
 Ille ritu vivisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
 Orpheon edomitæ sola per antra feris;
 Sic dapibus exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
 Et per monstrificam Perseia Phœbados vlsam,
 Et vada femineis infidiosa sonis,
 Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
 Diis etenim sacra est vates, divûmque sacerdos,
 Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora Joveni.
 At tu siquid agam scitabere (si modò saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine egem,
 Faustaque sacratæ sæcula pacta libris,
 Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit,

Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
 Et subito elisos ad sua fana Deos.
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque preffa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis inflar eris.

ELEGIA SEPTIMA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 19.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges Amathusia nôram,
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
 Atque tuum iprevi maxime numen Amor.
 Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
 In genus hupeanum quid inania dirigis arma?
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
 Promptior) et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
 Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ
 Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
 Nec matutinum sustinere jubar.
 Astat Amor lecto, pictis amor impiger alis,
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:
 Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
 Et quicquid spero dignum et Amore fuit.

Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
 Aut qui formosâs pellexit ad oscula nymphas
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
 Ad sideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.
 Et miser exemplo sapuisse tutius, inquit,
 Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
 Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
 Ipse ego si nescis strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi;
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
 Certius et gravius tela nocere mea.
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritius arcum,
 Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques:
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torquat in me,
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
 Cætera quæ dubitas melius mea tela docebunt,
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
 Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
 Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
 Et modò quâ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.

Turba frequens, faciëque fimillima turba dearum
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,
Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
Neve oculos potui continuissè meos.
Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam,
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Sòlus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
Et facis à tergo grande pendit onus.
Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
Insilit hinc labiis, infidet inde genis:
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus insolitis subierunt corda furores,
Uxor amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
Findor, et hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.

Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? amores

Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.

O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos

Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui;

Forſi an et duro non eſt adamante creata,

Fortè nec ad noſtras ſurdeat illa preces.

Credet mihi nullus ſic infeliceiter arſit,

Peccar in exemplo primus et unus ego.

Parce precor teneri cum ſis Deus ales amoris,

Bugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.

Jam tuus Q certè eſt mihi formidabilis arcus,

Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens:

Et tua ſumabunt noſtris altaria donis,

Solus et in ſuperis tu mihi ſummus eris.

Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,

Nefcio cur, miſer eſt ſuaviter omnis amans:

Tu modo da facilis, poſthæc mea ſiqua futura eſt,

Cuſpis amatuſos figat ut una duos.

Hæc ego mente olim lævâ, ſtudioque ſupino

Nequitix poſui vana trophæa meæ.

Scilicet abreptum ſic me malus impulit error,

Indociliſque ætas prava magiſtra fuit.

Donec Socraticos umbroſa Academia rivos

Præbuit, admiſſum dedocuitque jugum.

Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,

Cincta rigent multo pectora noſtra gelu.

Unde ſuis frigus metuit puer ipſe ſagittis,

Et Diomedeam vim timet ipſa Venus.

IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM.

Cum simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
 Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
 Fallor? an et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
 Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
 Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
 Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

IN EANDEM.

Siccine tentasti cœlo donâsse Iacobum
 Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?
 Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
 Parce precor donis insidiosâ tuis.
 Ille quidem sine te consortia ferus adivit
 Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
 Sic potius fœdus in cœlum pelle cucullos,
 Quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
 Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte
 Crede mihi cœli vix bene scandet iter.

IN EANDEM.

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
 Et sine quo superûm non adcunda domus.
 Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,
 Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.

Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne,
 Supplicium spreta religione dabis.
 Et si fstelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
 Non nisi per flammās triste patebit iter.
 O quā funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
 Verūtaque ponderibus vix caritura fuis!
 Nam plope Tartareo fublime rotatus ab igni
 Ibat ad æthereas umbra perufta plagas.

IN EANDEM.

QUEM modò Roma fuit devoverat impia diris,
 Et Styge damnarat Tænarioque finu,
 Hunc vice mutatā jam tollere gefcit ad aftra,
 Et cupit ad fuperos evchere ufque Deos.

IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetuftas,
 Qui tulit æthercam folis ab axe facem:
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
 Et trifidum fulmen furripuiſſe Jovi.

AD

LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.

ANGELUS unicuique fuus (fic credite gentes)
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum? Leonora tibi fi gloria major,
 Nam tua præſentem vox fonat ipſa Deum.

Aut Deus, aut vacuū certè mens tertiā cœli
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensum immortalī assuescere possē sono.
 Quodd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
 In te unā loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

A D E A N D E M.

ALTERA Torquatum cepit, Leonora poetam,
 Cujus ab infano cessit amore furens.
 Ah miser ille tuo quantò felicius ævo
 Perditus, et propter te Leonora foret!
 Et te Picriā sensisset voce canentem
 Aurca maternæ fila movere lyræ,
 Quamvis Diracō torfisset lumina Pentheo
 Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
 Tu tamen errantes cæcā vertigine sensus
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuā;
 Et poteras agro spirans sub corde quietem
 Vix animo cantu restituisset sibi.

A D E A N D E M.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirenæ Neapoli jactas,
 Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelœiados,
 Littoreamque tuā defunctam Naiada ripā
 Corpore Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
 Illa quidem vivitque, et amœnā Tibridis undā
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
 Illic Romulidūm studiis ornata secundis,
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.



Bartholomew del.

J. Smith sculp.

Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.
 Not for thy Life, lest fierce Remembrance wake
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.

Saunders. Agonistes p. 123.

Published 22. May 1796, for C. Dilly, in the Strand, and the rest of the Proprietors —

POLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.

- RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino :
Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus
• Matrem ipsam in proprias transtulit arcolas.
• Haëtenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
Mota solo assueto, protendens aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.
Atque ait, heu quantò satius fuit illa Coloni .
(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo !
• Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem :
Nunc periere mihi et fœtus et ipse parens.

SYLVARUM LIBER.



ANNO ÆTATIS 16.

IN

OBITUM PROCANCELLARII MEDICI.

PARERE fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
Qui pëndulum telluris orbem
Iäpeti colitis nepotes.

Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocarit flebilis, hui moræ
Tentantur incassum dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.

Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.

Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.

Si triste fatum verba Hecatēia
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
 Vixisset infamis, potentique
 Ægiali soror ufa virgā.

Numenque trinum fallere si queant
 Artes medentūm, ignotaque gramina,
 Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
 Eurypyli cecidisset hastā.

Læfisset et nec te Philyrcie
 Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,
 Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
 Cæse puer geneticiis alvo.

Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
 Frondosa quem nunc Ciriha luget,
 Et mediis Helicos in undis,

Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi
 Latus, superstes, nec sine gloria,
 Nec puppe lustrasse Charontis
 Horribiles barathri recessus.

At fila rupit Persephone tua
 Irata, cum te viderit artibus
 Succoque pollenti tot atris,
 Faucibus eripuisse mortis.

Colende Præses, membra precor tua
 Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo

Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.

Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elysio spatiere campo.

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS,

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iäcobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Calëdoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat.
In folio, occultique doli securus et hostis:
Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Edmenidum pater, æthero vagus exul Olympo.
Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odiura fruit inter amicos,
Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes

Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia tigris
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
 Nocte sub illumi, et somno nictantibus astris.
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
 Jamque fluentifonis albentia rupibus arva
 Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
 Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
 Ante expugnataæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ.

At simul hanc opibusque et festâ pace beatam
 Aspicit, et pingues donis Cercalibus agros,
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
 Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur;
 Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
 Efflat tabifico monstrosus ob ore Tiphæus.
 Ignescunt oculi, fridetque adamantinus ordo
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ietaque cuspide cuspis.
 Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
 Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
 Hactenus; et piccis liquido natat aëre pennis;
 Quâ volat, adversi præcurfant agmine venti,
 Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines. à parte sinistra
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, prisicque Sabini.

Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
 Te furtiva Tiberis Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
 Evehitur, præeunt submissis poplite reges,
 Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum;
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
 Cinyneriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
 Temples dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
 (Vesper erat facer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
 Saepè tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
 Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
 Dum tremuit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
 Et procul ipso cavâ resonat rupes Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
 Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchatemque ferocem,
 Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
 Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
 Interea regum domitor, Phlegæontius hæres
 Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)
 At vix compositos somnus clauderat ocellos,
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
 Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus
 Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo

Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus /
Vertice de raso, et ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos constrictis fune falaces,
Tarda fenestris figens vestigia calcis.
Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos donavit, Lybicosque leones.

Subdolan at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voccs,
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque obliti tuorum!
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triples
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:
Suge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
Cui reserata patet convexi janua cæli,
Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperia disjectam ulciscere classem,
Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probosc,
Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere læto,
Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numerofo milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.

Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Martē laceſſes,
Iritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
Quælibet hæreticis diſponere retia fas eſt;
Jamque ad conſilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, et procerum de ſtirpe creatos,
Grandævoſque patres trabecā, canisq̃ue verendos;
Hos ſu membratim poteris conſpergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injeſto, quā convenere, ſub imis.
Protinus ipſe igitur quoſcunque habet Anglia fidos
Propoſiti, factique mone, quiſquāmc tuorum
Audebit ſummi non jūſſa faceſſere Papæ?
Percuſoſque metu ſubito, caſūque ſupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel ſævus Iberus.
Sæcula ſic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divaſque ſecundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina faſtis.
Dixit et adſcitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.
Jam roſea Eoas pandens Tithoni portas
Veſtit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mœſtaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambroſiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum ſomnos pepuliſt ſtellatæ janitor aulae,
Nocturnos viſus, et ſomnia grata revolvens.
Eſt locus æternā ſcriptus caligine noctis,
Vasta ruinoſi quondam fundamina teſti,
Nunc torvi ſpelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
Eſſera quos uno peperit Diſcordia partu.
Hic inter cæmēta jacent præruptaque ſaxa,

Ossa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro; /
 Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
 Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
 Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,
 Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
 Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.
 Ipsi etiam pavidī latitant penetralibus antri
 Et Phonos, et Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum,
 Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris
 Diffugiunt fontes, et retrò lumina vortunt,
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longæ fideles
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
 Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor
 Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celerī contendite gressu,
 Tartareoque leves dissidentur pulvere in auras
 Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago,
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
 Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flētens curvamine cœlos
 Despiciat æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quod distat ab Aside terra
 Fertilis Europe, et spectat Marcotidas undas,
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
 Quam superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.

Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros:
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomcrata susurros;
Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis a stivum corli petit ardua culmen.
Ipsa, quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Quicis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli consinibus orbis.
Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvenæ
Isidos, innumti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia fomno,
Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli:
Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.
Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tui, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terræque tremante:
Fama files? an te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in neque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptigero cædes meditata Iacobo?
Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et fatis ante fugax stridentes induit alas,

Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
 Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit:
 Et primo Angliacas solito de more per urbes
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
 Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula crevis
 Infidiis loca structa filet; stupuere relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes. pariter tremuere puellæ,
 Effectique fenes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
 Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.
 Attamen interea populi miserefcit ab alto
 Æthereus pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolûn; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores;
 Compita lata fociis genialibus omnia fumant;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembriis,
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno,

ANNO ÆTATIS 17

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,
 Et ficca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,

- Dum mœsta charo iusta perfolvi rogo
 Wintonienſis Præfulis.
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh ſemper mali
 Cladiſque vera nuntia)
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britannia,
 Populoſque Neptuno ſatos,
 Ceſſiſſe morti, et ferreis ſororibus
 Te generis humani decus,
 Qui rex ſacrorum illâ fuiſti in intulâ
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
 Tunc inquietum pectus inâ protinus
 Ebullicbat fervidâ,
 Tumulis potentem ſæpe devovens deam:
 Nec vota Naſo in Ibida
 Concepit alto diriora pectore,
 Grauiſque vates paucius
 Turpem Lycambis excoriatus eſt dolum,
 Sponſamque Neobolen ſuam.
 At ecce diras ipſe dum fundo graves,
 Et imprecor noci necem,
 Audiſſe tales videor attonitus ſonos
 Leni, ſub aurâ, flamine:
 Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
 Bilemque et irritas minas,
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
 Subitoque ad iras percita?
 Non eſt, ut arbitraris eluſus miſer,
 Mors atra Noctis filia,
 Erebove patre creta, ſive Erinnye
 Vaſtove nata ſub Chao:
 Aſt illa cœlo miſſa ſtellato, Dei
 Maſſes ubique colligit;

Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem et auras evocat;
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
Themidos Jovisque filiæ;
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;
At justa raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
Sedesque subterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audiui, cito
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilesque faustus inter milites
Ad astra sublimis feror:
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum seneæ
Auriga currus ignei.
Non me Bootis ternere lucidi
Sarraca tarda fugore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis hinc hinc,
Non ensis Orion tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgida solis globum,
Longeque sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coercebat suos
Frænis dracones auctis
Erraticorum siderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crySTALLINAM, et
Stratum smaragdis atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
Sat est in æternum frui.

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.

Heu quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
 Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!

Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet fulcantibus obsita rugis
 Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo
 Et se fasta senem malè certis passibus ibit
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque
 Sidera vexabunt? an et insatiabile Tempus
 Esuriet Cælum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
 Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto
 Exemisse malo, gyroque dedisse perennes?
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
 Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aula
 Decidat, horribilisque resectâ Gorgone Pallas;
 Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli?
 Tu quoque Phœbe tui casus imitabere iati
 Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
 Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,

Et dabit attonito feralia fibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
Diffultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaque bella.

At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris
Consult rerum summa, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lanceas, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum iussit servare tenorem.
Volvit hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.
Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
Nec fovet effugas loca per declivia terras
Detexo tenione Deus; sed semper amicâ
Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
Mane vocans, et ferus agens in pascua cœli,
Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem

Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
 Sed neque Terra tibi sacri vigor ille vetusti
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
 Et puer ille suum tenet et puer ille decorem
 Phœbe tuusque et Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
 Terra datum secleri celavit montibus aurum
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
 Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli;
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

DE IDÆA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM
 ARISTOTELES INTELEXIT.

DICITE sacrorum præfides nemorum deæ,
 Tuque O novæni perbeata numinis
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
 Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
 Natura fulers finxit humanum genus,
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
 Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
 Interna proles infidet menti Jovis;
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
 Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;

Sen sempiternus ille fidèrum comes
 Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
 Citinúmve terris incolit lunæ globum.
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
 Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput
 Atlante major portitore fiderum.
 Non cui profundum caritas lumen dedit
 Directus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
 Non hunc silenti nocte Pleiones nepos
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Affyrius, licet
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
 Priscumque Belon, inelytumque Ofiridem.
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
 Talem reliquit Ifidis cultoribus.
 At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
 (Hæc monstra si tu prius induxit scholis)
 Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuæ
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

A D P A T R E M.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;

Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
Aptius à nobis quæ possint munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina censis,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nonnullis laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despicere carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ.
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima cedere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coerces.
Carminibus sepolti retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina sacrificus sollemnes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cum fata sfigax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consultit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
• Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.

Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
 Nunc quoque fidereis intercinit ipse choreis
 Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque inmensa vorago
 Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
 Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
 Et chaos, et positi latè fundamina mundi,
 Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
 Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
 Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orpheæ cantus,
 Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque fœcunda canendo
 Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Mulas,
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
 Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
 Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,

Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus:

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,
Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà prœnior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
Phœbro lateri comitem finis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me pascunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptu
Cum mihi Romulæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere suafisti quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquclam
Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur myſteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluit aer,
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitable marmor,
Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.
Dimotæque venit spectanda scientia nube,
Nudaque conspicuos inclinât ad oscula vultus,
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libasse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis malesanus avitas
Austriaci gazas, Perûanaque regna præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
Jupiter, excepto, donâſſet ut omnia, cœlo?

Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato
 Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna dici,
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
 Vistrices hederas inter, laurosque fcedebo,
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertī,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus;
 In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab lectu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
 Possè referre datur, neo dona rependere factis,
 Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
 Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, iero servabitis ævo,

P S A L M CXIV.

ΙΣΡΑΗΛ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φυλ' Ἰακωβ
 Αἰγυπτίον λιπεῖ δῆμον, ἀπέχθρα, βαρβαροφῶνον,
 ὃν τότε μόνον ἦν ὅσιον γένος ὕιες, Ἰσρα.

Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασιλευν.
 Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπαδὴν φυγαδ' ἐρέωησε θάλασσα
 Κυματὶ εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὃδ' ἀρ' ἐστυφελιχθῆ
 Ἴρος Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροεῖδα πηγῇ.
 Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρεσία κλονεοντο,
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόνωνες εὐτραφεῶ ἐν ἀλῶν.
 Βαιοτέραι δ' ἅμα πασαι ἀνασκιστήσαν εῤῥίπναι,
 Ὅια παραι συρίγι φιλῇ ὑπο μητέρι ἀρνέες.
 Τίπτε συγ' αἶνα θάλασσα πέλῳ φυγαδ' ἐρέωησας
 Κυματὶ εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἀρ' ἐστυφελιχθῆς
 Ἴρος Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροεῖδα πηγῇ;
 Τίπ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρεσία κλονεεσθε
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόνωνες εὐτραφεῶ ἐν ἀλῶν;
 Βαιοτέραι τί δ' ἀρ' ὑμμεσ ἀνασκιστήσат' εῤῥίπναι,
 Ὅια παραι συρίγι φιλῇ ὑπο μητέρι ἀρνέες;
 Σειεὸ γαῖα τρεῖς τὰ θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτοπέοντα
 Γαῖα θεὸν τρεῖς δ' ὑπατον σέβας Ἰστακίδαο,
 Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλαδῶν ποταμὸς χεῖ μιν μυροῖσας.
 Κ' ἡγήνητ' ἀεναὸν πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυροσσύνης.

PHILOSOPHUS AD REGEM QUENDAM, QUI EUM IGNO-
 TUM ET INSONTEM INTER REOS FORTE CAPTUM
 INSCIUS DAMNAVERAT, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευομένου
 HÆC SUBITO MISET.

Ὁ ἀνα εἰ ὀλεσθῆς με τὸν ἐννομόν, ἦδε τιν' ἀνδρῶν
 Δεινὸν ὅλως δρασάντα, σοφωτάτον ἰσθὶ κερήνον
 Ρηιδίῳς ἀφελόιο, το δ' ὕστερον αὐτὸ νοήσεις,
 Μαψιδίῳς δ' ἀρ' ἐπεῖτα τέον πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῇ,
 Τοῖον δ' ἐκ πολέου περικυττόν αλκαρ ὀλεσθῆς.

IN EFFIGIERI EJUS SCULPTOREM.

Λιμαθὲι γεγραφθαι χεὶρι τῇδε μὲν εἰκὼνα
 Φαίης ταχ' ἂν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφύες βλέπων.
 Τὸν δ' ἐκλύπτων ἐκ ἐπιγνοῦτες φίλοι
 Γελατοε φάουλῃ δυσμυμημα ζωγραφῷ.

 AD SALSILIUM POETAM ROMANUM
 ÆGROTANTEM.

SCAZONTES.

O Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
 Quàm cùm decentes flava Deiope suas
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
 Adestum et hæc sis verba pauca Salsillo
 Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
 Polique tractum, (pestimus ubi ventorum,
 Infanientis impotensque pulmonis
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes, famâ
 Virofque doctæque indolem juventutis,
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salsille,
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitèd sanum,

Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes.
Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divùm munus, O salus Hebes
Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror
Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinolo
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levanen agro forte certatim vati.
Sic ille charis redditus rursum Musis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum.
Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans,
Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges
Niniùm sinistro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Aduisque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

M A N S U S.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum litterarum studio, nec non et bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus extat, de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Gerusalemme Conquistata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi
Risplende il Manso

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summâ benevolentia profecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

Hæc quoque Mansæ tunc meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Mansæ choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,
Post Galli cineres, et Mæcenatis Hetrusci.
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
Vitrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,

- Dum canit *Assyrios* divûm proluxus amores;
 Mollis et *Aufonias* stupefecit carmine nymphas.
 Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
 Ossa tibi soli, supremæque vota reliquit.
 Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
 Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
 Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant
 • Officia in tumulto, cupis integros rapere Orco,
 • Quà potes, atque avidas *Parcarum* eludere leges:
 Amborum genus, et varia sub sorte peractam
 Describis, vitam, moresque, et dona *Minervæ*;
 Æmulus illius *Mycalen* qui natus ad altam
 Rottulit *Æolii* vitam facundus *Homeri*.
 Ergo ego te *Cliûs* et magni nomine *Phœbi*,
 Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum
 Missus *Hyperboræo* juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabare *Musam*,
 Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub *Arcto*
 Imprudens *Italas* ausa est volitare per urbes.
 • Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
 • Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
 Quà *Thamæsis* late puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
 Quin et in has quondam pervenit *Tityrus* oras.
 Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile *Phœbo*,
 Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata *Trione*
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte *Boöten*.
 Nos etiam colimus *Phœbum*, nos munera *Phœbo*
 Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala cinistris,
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
 Misimus, et lectas *Druidum* de gente choreas.

(Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum
Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinœida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin; cum flavicomâ Hecæerge,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuce.
Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plaufumque viro-
rum,

Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas:
At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regiis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes;
Tantum ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile mansucti cessit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter saltus frondosæque tecta
Pencium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigra
Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem, et miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,

- Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
 Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
 Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
 Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fufos,
 Nondum deciduos fervans tibi frontis honores,
 Ingeniumque vicens, et adultum mentis acumen.
 O mihi fi mea fors talem concedat amicum
 • Phœbaeos decorasse viros qui tam bene nôrit, .
 • Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
 Aut dicam invictæ fociali fœdere menfe
 Magnanimos Heroas, et (O modo fpiritus adfit)
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
 Tandem ubi non tacitæ permenfus tempora vitæ,
 Annorumque fatur cineri fua jura relinquam,
 Ille mihi fefto madidis afaret ocellis,
 Afanti fat erit fi dicam fim tibi curæ;
 Ille meos artus liventi morte folutos
 Curaret parva componi molliter urna.
 • Forfitân et noftros ducat de marmore vultus,
 Neftens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnaffide lauri
 Fronde comas, at ego fœcura pace quiefcam.
 • Tum quoque, fi qua fides, fi præmia certe bonorum,
 Ipfe ego cælicolûm femotus in æthera divûm,
 Quò labor et meus pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus.
 Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo
 (Quantum fata finunt) et tota mente ferenûm
 Ridens purpureo fuffundar lumine vultus,
 Et fimul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympto.

ÉPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis et Damon ejusdem vicinæ pastores, eadem studia sequuti à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea réversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,
 Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:
 Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
 Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
 Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
 Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
 Luctibus exenit noctem loca sola pererrans.
 Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
 Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
 Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
 Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.
 Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ
 Cura vocat, simul assuetâ fedetque sub ulmo,
 Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
 Cæpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.
 Ite domum impatti, domino jam nou vocat, agri.
 Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cælo,

Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon!

Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus

Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?

At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,

Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,

Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo antè videbit,

Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,

Contabitque tuus tibi honos, longuinque vigebit

Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo

Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,

Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:

Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,

Palladiâsque artes, sociùmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon,

At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus

Hærebit, lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas

Frigoribus duris, et per loca sæta pruinis,

Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?

Sive opus in magnos fuit eminens ire leones,

Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;

Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit

Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem

Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni

Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat iocus, at malus
auster

Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
 Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus;
 Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ.
 Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber et Eurus
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylva.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni,
 Heu quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
 Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
 Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,
 Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tardet, at illæ
 Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
 Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
 "Hic gelidi fontes, hic illa gramina musco,
 "Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;
 Ista canunt furdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat,
 (Et callebat avium linguas, et sidera Mopsus)
 Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
 Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,
 Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
 Intumescitque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Mirantur nymphae, et quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?
 Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
 Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem
 Jure petit; bis ille miser qui serus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Venit Ilyas, Dryopéque, et filia Baucidis Aegle,
 Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
 Venit Idumanii Chloris vitina fluenti;
 Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
 Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juveni,
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
 De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
 In æadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
 Agmina phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum
 Farra libens volitat, serò sua tecta revifens,
 Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
 Fata tulit, rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
 Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fati
 Gens homines aliena animis, et pectore discors,
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
 Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
 Illum inopina dies, quæ non speraveris hora
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
 Ire per acreas rupes, Alpenique nivosa!
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit;)
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes!
 Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
 Et dixisse, "vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra."

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
 Pastores Thufci, Musis operata juvenus,
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos, et Thufcus tu quoque Da-
 mon,

Antiquà genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quàm mollior herba,
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum
 Displicui, nam sunt et apud me munera vestra
 Fuscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ:
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
 Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo
 Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos.

Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
 Vimina nunc textit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
 Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi,
 Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,
 Ipse? et argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbrâ,
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
 Helleborùmque, humilêsq; crocos, foliùmque hya-
 cinthâ,

Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentùm.
 Ah pèreant herbæ, percant artesque medentùm,
 Granina, postquam ipsi nil profecêre magistro.
 Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
 Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,
 Et tum forte novis admôram labra cicutis,
 Diffiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
 Ferr. graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim
 Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos cedite, sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppès
 Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
 Brennùmque Arvigarùmque duces, priscùmque Beli-
 num,

Et andem Armoricos Britonum sub legè colonos;
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen,
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlois arma,
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superât,
 Tu procul anrosa pendebris, fistula, pinu
 Multùm oblitus mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis

Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
 Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
 Merces, et mihi grande decus (sini ignotus in ævum
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
 Si me flava comas legat Ufa, et potor Alauni,
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantar,
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis
 Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
 Hæc, et plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
 Mansus, Chalcedicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
 In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum vel,
 Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ,
 Has inter Phoenix, divina avis, unica terris
 Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
 Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus,
 Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pha
 retræ,

Arma corusca facies, et spicula tincta pyropo;
 Nec tentues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
 Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquent.
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes
 Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
 Hinc mentes ardere sacrae, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon
 Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quod tua dulcis abiret
 Sanctæque simplicitas, nam quod tua candida virtus?

Nec te Lethæo fas quæfivisse sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrâ,
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthra Damon,
Æthra purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices et gaudia potat
Oræ sacro. Quin tu, cœli post jura recepta,
Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,
Seu tu noster eris Damon, five æquior audis
Diædotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Coelicolæ norint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
Quodd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenus
Grata fuit, quodd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Lætæque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrsæ.

JAN 23, 1648. .

AD

JOANNEM ROUSIUM,

OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM,

DE LIBRO POEMATUM AMISCO, QUIM ILLE SIBI DE
NUO MITTI POSTULABAT, UT CUM ALIIS
NOSTRIS IN BIBLIOTHECA PUBLICA
RIPONERET, ODE.

STROPHE I.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,
Munditiêque nitens non operosâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen hand nimii poetæ;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lufit
Infons populi, barbitôque devius
Indulfit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede;

ANTISTROPHE.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,

Illustre tendebas iter
 Thameſis ad incunabula
 Cærulei patris,
 Fontes ubi limpidi
 Aonidum, thyafuſque ſacer
 Orbi notus per immenſos
 Temporum lapſus redeunte cœlo,
 Cœleberque futurus in ævum;

STROPHE II.

- Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
 Priſtinam gentis miſeratus indolem
 (Si ſatis noxas luimus priores,
 • Mollique luxu degener otium)
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
 Almaque revocet ſtudia ſanctus,
 Et reſegatas ſine ſede Muſas
 Jam penè totis finibus Angligenum;
 Immundasque volucres
 Unguibus imminentes
 Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
 • Phinéamque abigat peſtem procul anne Pegaféo.

ANTISTROPHE.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
 Fide, vel oſcitantia
 Sæmel erraveris agmine fratrum,
 Seu quis te teneat ſpecus,
 Seu qua te latebra, forſan unde vili
 Callo tereris inſtitoris inſulſi,
 Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
 Spes nova fulget, poſſe profundam
 Fugere Lethen, vehique ſuperam
 • In Jovis aulam, remige pennâ;

STROPHE III.

Nam te Rousius fui
 Optat peculi, numeroque iusto
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
 Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta
 Sunt data virum monumenta curæ:
 Tuncque adytis etiam sacris
 Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præfidei
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
 Quam cui præfuit Ion,
 Clarus Erechtheides,
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis,
 Fulvoque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
 Ion Actææ genitus Creusa.

ANTISTROPHE.

Ergo, tu visere lucos
 Musarum ibis amœnos:
 Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,
 Oxoniâ quam valle colit
 Delo posthabitâ,
 Bifidâque Parnassi iugo
 Ibis honestus,
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
 Illic legèris inter alta nomina
 Anthorum, Graiæ simul et Latinæ
 Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus

FPODOS.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
 Jam serè placidam sperare jubeo

Perfundam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas
 Quas bonus Hermes,
 Et tutela dabit solers Rousi,
 Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque
 longè
 Turba legentum prava faceffet;
 At ultimi nepotes,
 Et cordatior ætas
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitàn
 Adhibebit integro sinu,
 Tum, livore sepulto,
 Si quid mereamur sana posteritas sciet
 Rousio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antístro-
 phis, unâ demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes
 nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè
 respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legendi
 p' iùs, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem
 spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortasse dici
 monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατα-
 τχῆσιν*, partim *απολελυμένα*. Phaleucia quæ sunt,
 Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in
 secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

AD

CHRISTINAM,

BUECORUM REGINAM NOMINE CROMWILLI

BEULIIPOTINS Virgo, septem Regina Thionum,
Christina, Arctoi lucidi stellæ poli,
Ceclis quas merui dura sub casside iugas,
Utque senex armis impiger ora tero,
In via fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia iussa manu
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra,
Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces

SELECT NOTES

ON THE

PARADISE REGAINED.

IN order to introduce to more general notice this *elegant* Poem, which has been strangely neglected, though it abounds with MORAL instruction peculiarly adapted to the juvenile age, it has been judged proper to insert NOTES upon it, illustrative of its Beauties, and explanatory of its more difficult or obscure passages.

The limits of our volume will not allow us to *continue* the comment through the other Poems, nor is it indeed so requisite, as their Beauties are generally felt, and as they are read and studied by those, who pass over the PARADISE REGAINED with a carelessness bordering on contempt.

PARADISE REGAINED*.



BOOK I.

"MILTON,*" says Mr. Hayley, "had already executed one extensive divine poem, peculiarly distinguished by richness and sublimity of description: in framing a second he naturally wished to vary its effect; to make it rich in moral sentiment, and sublime in its mode of unfolding the highest wisdom that man can learn; for this purpose it was necessary to keep all the ornamental parts of the poem in due subordination to the precept. This delicate and difficult point is accomplished with such felicity, they are blended together with such exquisite harmony and mutual aid, that, instead of arraigning the plan, we might rather doubt if any possible change could improve it. Assuredly there is no poem of an epic form, where the sublimest moral is so forcibly and so abundantly united to poetical delight: the splendor of the poet does not blaze indeed so intensely as in his larger production; here he resembles the Apollo of Ovid, softening his glory in speaking to his son, and avoiding to dazzle the fancy that he may descend into the heart."

Hayley's Life of Milton.

"To censure the PARADISE REGAINED, because it does not more resemble the PARADISE LOST, is hardly less absurd, than it would be to condemn the Moon for not being a Sun, instead of admiring the two different luminaries, and feeling that both the greater and the less are equally the work of the same divine and inimitable power."

Ibid.

*Line 1. page 3. I, who ere while the happy garden sung
By one man's disobedience lost —]*

The sun of Milton's genius appears to be setting in this poem; but the sunset is a beautiful object, when the evening clouds are tinged with old and purple.

Knov.

l 3 p 3. *Recover'd Paradise—*]

It may seem a little odd that Milton should impute the recovery of Paradise to this short scene of our Saviour's life upon earth, and not rather extend it to his agony, crucifixion, &c. But the reason no doubt was, that Paradise, *regain'd* by our Saviour's resisting the temptations of Satan, might be a better contrast to Paradise, *lost* by our first parents too easily yielding to the same seducing spirit. Besides he might, very probably, and indeed very reasonably, be apprehensive, that a subject, so extensive as well as sublime, might be too great a burden for his declining constitution, and a task too long for the short term of years he could then hope for. Even in his Paradise Lost he expresses his fears, lest he had begun too late, and lest *an age too late, or cold climate, or years, should have damp'd his intended wing*; and surely he had much greater cause to dread the same now, and to be very cautious of launching out too far.

Thyer

l. 8 p 3 ————— *who ledst this glorious eremite
Into the desert,—*]

It is said, Mat. iv. 1. *Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil.* And from the Greek original *σπῆμα* the desert, and *σπημαίτης* an inhabitant of the desert, is highly formed the word *eremite*, which was used before by Milton in his Paradise Lost, iii 474.

And by Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso, Cant. xi. St. 4.

And in Italian, as well as in Latin, there is *eremita*, which the French, and we after them, contract into *hermite*, *hermit* Newton

l 11 p. 3. ————— *inspire,*

As thou art wont, my prompted song, (Ise mute,]

In the very fine opening of the NINTH book of the PARADISE LOST, Milton thus speaks of *the inspiration of the muse*.

If answerable still I can obtain

Of my celestial patroness, who deigns

Her nightly visitation, unimplor'd,

And DICATIS TO ME SLUMBERING, OR INSPIRES

EASY MY UNPRIMEDIIATED VERSE

So also in his invocation of *Urania*, at the beginning of the SIXTH book.

ARTHUR, where it is said, "there was a knight Meliodas, and he was
" Lord and King of the county of Lyons, and he wedded King Marke's
" sister of Cornewale" — The issue of this marriage was Sir Tristram.
These knights, he also observe, are there often represented as meet-
ing beautiful damsels in desolate forests — Indeed a forest was almost as
necessary in an old romance as a valiant knight, or a beautiful dam-
sel, whose beauty and prowess were severally to be endangered and
proved by the difficulties and dangers they underwent amidst

• • — forests and enchantments drear,

PENSEROSO, 119.

Milton's later thoughts could not, we find, but rove at times while,
as he himself told us, "his younger feet wandered," when he "be-
" took him among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in
" solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious
" kings, and from hence had in renowne over all Christendome." —
A TOL FOR SPECTATOR p 177. Prose Works. ed. Amst. 1698.

Sir Pellias, "a very valiant knight of Arthur's round table," is
one of those who pursue the Blatant Beast, when, after having been con-
quered and chained up by Sir Calidore, it "broke its iron chain," and
again "ranged through the world" IDLE QUEEN, B VI C. XII.

39

Warton.

l 365 p. 35 ————— *Flores earliest sweets*]

• We may collect from many passages in our Author's poems, that he
was habitually acquainted with the beauties of the early morning, and
particularly sensible of them Mr Warton says that he "has delineated
them with the lovely pencil of a lover." Note on LYCIDAS, 27

• In his ARCADES, 56, he speaks of

———— the ODOUROUS BREATH OF MORN.

In the PARADISE LOST, iv. 641. he likewise alludes to the pecu-
liar fragrance of flowers at "that sweet hour of prime,

• Sweet is the BREATH OF MORN, her rising sweet—

And in the beginning of the FIFTH Book, Adam thus concludes the
speech in which he comforts Eve, on her waking in the morning, re-
specting her troublesome dream,

Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,

That wont to be more cheerful and serene

THAN WHEN FAIR MORNING FIRST SMILES ON THE
WORLD,

And let us to our flesh employments live
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flower.,

THAT OPEN NOW THEIR CHOICEST BOSOM'D SMELLS

Philos., the imitator of our author, has most beautifully, and in a manner perfectly worthy of his master, copied the idea expressed in the last line.

——— when the kind early dew

Unlocks embosom'd odors, ——

CIDER, II, 59.

But to revert to Milton, where he speaks more at large, and perfectly
con amore;

Now when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on THE HUMID FLOWERS THAT BREATH'D
THEIR MORNING INCENSE, when all things that breathe
From the earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice, that done, partake
THE SEASON PRIME FOR SWIFTLY 'CLINTS AND AIRS:

PARADISE LOST, IX, 132.

To the first part of which passage we may trace Mr. Gray, in a highly-finished line of his ELEGY,

The breezy call of INCENSE-BREATHING MORN,—

We find a semblance of "Flora's earliest smells" in the following very picturesque and poetical stanza of Spenser

Thus being engar'd they behold around
A large and spacious plain, on every side
Strow'd with pleasure, whose fair grassy ground
Mantled with green, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of FLORA'S pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,

WHEN FORTH FROM VIRGIN BOWER SHE COMES IN TH'
EARLY MORN.

F. Q. B. II. 12. 50.

Haſton.

l. 423 p. 37 *What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,
And his ſon Herod plac'd on Juſtice's throne,]*

This appears to be the fact from hiſtory. When Joſephus introduces Antipater upon the ſtage, he ſpeaks of him as abounding with great riches. *Φιλῶ δὲ τις Τρεῖς ἰδυμαίῃ, Ἀντίπατρον λεγομένῃ, πολλῶν μὲν εὐπορῶν χρημάτων, κ. τ. λ.* Antiq. lib. xiv. cap. 1. And his ſon Herod was declared king of Judea by the favour of Mark Antony, partly for the ſake of the money which he promiſed to give him, — *τα δὲ καὶ ὑποχρημάτων ὡς αὐτῷ Ἡρώδης ὑπέσχετο δοῦναι εἰ γένοιτο βασιλεὺς* Ibid. cap. 14.

Newton.

l. 439 p. 37 *Gideon, and Jephtha, and the ſhepherd lad,]*

Our Saviour is rightly made to cite his firſt inſtances from Scripture, and of his own nation, as being the beſt known to him; but it is with great art that the poet alſo ſuppoſes him not to be unacquainted with heathen hiſtory, for the ſake of introducing a greater variety of examples. Gideon ſaith of himſelf, *O my Lord, wherewith ſhall I ſave Iſrael? behold my family is poor in Manaſſeh, and I am the leaſt in my father's houſe* Judges, vi. 15 And Jephtha *was the ſon of an harlot, and his brethren thruſt him out, and ſaid unto him, Thou ſhalt not inherit in our father's houſe, for thou art the ſon of a ſtrange woman* Judges, xi. 1, 2. And the exaltation of David from a ſheep hook to a ſceptre is very well known. *He choſe David alſo his ſervant, and took him from the ſheep-folds. From following the ewes great with young, he brought him to feed Jacob his people, and Iſrael his inheritance.* Pſalm lxxviii. 70, 71

Newton.

l. 446 p. 37 *Quintus, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus,]*

Quintus Cincinnatus was twice invited from following the plough to be conſul and dictator of Rome, and after he had ſubdued the enemy, when the ſenate would have enriched him with public lands and private contributions, he rejected all theſe offers, and retired again to his cottage and old courſe of life. *Fabricius* could not be bribed by all the large offers of king Pyrrhus to aid him in negotiating a peace with the Romans: and yet he lived and died ſo poor, that he was buried at the

public expense, and his daughters fortunes were paid out of the treasury. *Cornus Dentatus* would not accept of the land which the senate had assigned him for the reward of his victories, and when the ambassadors of the Samnites offered him a large sum of money as he was sitting at the fire and roasting turnips with his own hands, he nobly refused to take it, saying that it was his ambition not to be rich, but to command those who were so. And *Rigulus*, after performing many great exploits, was taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, and sent with the ambassadors to Rome to treat of peace, upon which to return to Carthage, if no peace or exchange of prisoners should be agreed upon. But it was himself the first to dissolve a peace, and chose to leave his country, family, friends, every thing, and return a glorious captive to sustain tortures and death, rather than suffer the senate to conclude a dishonourable treaty. Our Saviour cites these instances of noble Romans in order of time, as he did those of his own nation. And, as Mr. Calton observes, the Romans in the most degenerate time were fond of these (and some other like) examples of ancient virtue, and their writers of all sorts delight to introduce them. But the greatest honour that poetry ever did them is here, by the praise of the Son of God.

Newton.

[453 p. 38. *Fort not riches then, &c.*—]

Milton concludes this book and our Saviour's reply to it in, with a series of thought as noble and just, and as worthy of the speaker, as can possibly be imagined. I think one may venture to affirm, that, as the *Paradise Regained* is a poem entirely moral and religious, the excellency of which does not consist so much in bold figures and strong images, as in deep and virtuous sentiments expressed with a becoming gravity, and a certain decent majesty, this is as true an instance of the sublime, as the behaviour of the Angels in the *Paradise Lost*. *Thy*

[466. p. 38. *Yet he, who reigns within himself, &c.*—]

"The *Paradise Regained*." Mr. Hayley very justly observes, "is a poem that particularly deserves to be recommended to youth, and to ingenious youth, as it is admirably calculated to inspire that spirit of self-command, which is, as Milton esteemed it, the truest heroism, and the triumph of Christianity."

Life of Milton, p. 126.



l 476 f 3^o Is yet more kingly —]

In this speech concerning riches and realms, our poet has culled all the choicest, finest flowers out of the heathen poets and philosophers who have written upon these subjects. It is not so much their words, as their substance sublime and improved. But here he soars above them, and no thing could have given him so complete an idea of a divine teacher, as the life and character of our Blessed Saviour

Newton

BOOK III

l 13 f 43 ————— as the oracle

Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems

On Aaron's breast —]

Aaron's breast plate was a piece of cloth doubled, of a span square, in which were set in sockets of gold twelve precious stones bearing the name of the twelve tribes of Israel engraven on them, which being fixed to the ephod, or upper vestment of the high priest's robe, was worn by him on his breast on all solemn occasions. In this breast plate the *Urim* and *Thummim*, say the Scripture, were put. And the learned Prioleux, after giving some account of the various opinions concerning *Urim* and *Thummim*, says, it will be fittest to hold, that the words *Urim* and *Thummim* meant only the divine virtue and power, given to the breast plate in its consecration, of obtaining an oraculous answer from God, whenever counsel was asked of him by the high-priest with it on, in such manner as his words did direct, and that the names of *Urim* and *Thummim* were given hereto only to denote the clearness and perfection which these oracular answers always carried with them. For *Urim* signifieth *light*, and *Thummim*, *perfection*. *Newton.*

l 25 p 44 ————— glory the reward]

Our Saviour having withstood the allurement of riches, Satan attacks him in the next place with the charms of glory. I have sometimes

thought that Milton might possibly take the hint of thus connecting these two temptations from Spenser, who, in his second book of the *Fairy Queen*, representing the virtue of temperance under the character of Guyon, and leading him through various trials of his constancy, brings him to the house of riches, or *Mummon's delve*, as he terms it, and immediately after to the palace of glory, which he describes, in his allegorical manner, under the figure of a beautiful woman called *Philotimè*. Thys.

l. 31. p. 44. Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe;—]

Our Saviour's temptation was soon after his baptism; and he was baptized when he was *about thirty years of age*. Luke iii. 23. *Newton.*

*l. 71. p. 45. They err, who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault: &c.—]*

Here might be an allusion intended to *Lewis THE FOURTEENTH*, who at this time began to disturb Europe, and whose vanity and ambition were gratified by titles, such as are here mentioned, from his numerous parasites.

We may here compare *PARADISE LOST*, xi. 691.

To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph, to be styl'd great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods,
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.

And again, ver. 789 of the same book. •

~~—~~ in acts of prowess eminent
And great exploits, but of true virtue void;
Who having spilt much blood, and done much waste,
Subduing nations, and achiev'd thereby
Fame in the world, high titles and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth: *Dunster.*

*l. 74. p. 45. ————— what do these worthies,
But rob and spoil, &c.—]*

Thus Drummond, in his SHADOW OF THE JUDGMENT,

All live on earth by spoil * * * *

* * * * *

Who most can ravage, rob, sack, blaspheme,

Is held most virtuous, with a WORTHY'S name:—

And Thucydides, describing the ancient inhabitants of Greece, says,
“ They betook themselves to robbing under the direction of persons by
“ no means despicable, and spent their lives chiefly in plundering de-
“ fenceless towns and villages; these practices being so far from disre-
“ ditable, that they were attended with a certain desire of honour ”—

ετραπυντο προς λησειαν, ηγουμενων ανδρων η των αδυνατωτατων — —
— — και προσπιπλοντες πολλοσιν ατειχιςοις, και κατα κωμης οικουμε-
ναις, ηρπαζον, και τον πλεϊστον του βιου εντευθεν ποιουντο ουκ εχοντος πα-
ρισχυνη τουτη τη εργη, φερντος δε τι και δεξης μαλλον. L. i. C. 5.

Dunster

l. 75. p. 45. But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and inflame

Placable nations, neigh'ring, or remote,

Made captive,—]

This description of the ravages of conquerors may have been copied
from some of the accounts of the barbarous nations that invaded Rome.
Ovid describes the Getæ thus *spoiling, robbing, slaying, enslaving, and
burning.*

Hostis, equo pollens longèque volante sagittâ,

Vicinam latè depopulatur humum

Diffugiunt alii; nullisque tuentibus agros

Incustoditæ diripiuntur opes,

Ruris opes parvæ, pecus et stridentia plaustra,

Et quas divitiis incola pauper habet.

Pars igitur victis post tergum capta lacertis,

Respicens frustra rura laremque suum.

Pars cadit hamatis miserè confixa sagittis;

Nam volucris ferro tinçtile virus inest.

Quæ nequeunt secum ferre aut abducere, perdunt:

Et cremat infantes hostica flamma casas.

TRIST. iii. El. x. 55.

Dunster.

l. 78. p. 45. ————— who leave behind

Nothing but ruin—]

Thus, Joel ii 3. *The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and*
BEHIND HIM A DESOLATE WILDERNESS.

And Mr. Gray, in his *BARD*, has a similar description finely expressed, where he speaks of the conquests of Edward the Black Prince in France.

————— What terrors round him wait!

Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,

And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

Dunster.

l. 81. p. 46. ————— and must be titl'd Gods,

Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,]

The second Antiochus king of Syria was called Antiochus Θεός, *or the God* and the learned author De Epoch Syro-Macedonum, p. 109, speaks of a coin of Liphanes inscribed Θεῷ Λιπῆανος. The Athenians gave Demetrius Poliorcetes, and his father Antigonus, the titles of *Eusegetai*, *Benefactors*, and *Σωτῆρες*, *Deliverers*.

Calton.

In Froelich's *Annales regum et rerum Syriæ* there are prints of five different coins of Antiochus Liphanes, with the inscription ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΑΝΤΙΟΧΟΥ ΘΕΟΥ ΛΙΠΘΑΝΟΥΣ. The first Antiochus was called ΣΩΤΗΡ; as was the first Ptolemy king of Egypt. Two of the Ptolemies assumed the title of ΕΥΕΡΓΕΤΗΣ —Diodorus Siculus relates that the Syracusans with one voice saluted Gelon by the titles of Benefactor, Deliverer, and King —μία φωνή παντας αποκαλεῖν ΕΥΕΡΓΕΤΗΝ, και ΣΩΤΗΡΑ, και ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΑ. L. ii 26.

The title of *eusegetes*, as assumed by tyrants, is referred to, Luke xxii. 25.—*And they that exercise authority over them ARE CALLED BENEFACTORS.*

When Demetrius Poliorcetes returned from his expedition to Cyprus, the Athenians received him with divine honours, and in their hymns and chorusses celebrated him as "the only true God, for that all other Gods were asleep, or were gone abroad, or did not exist" —ως οτι μονος θεος αληθινος, οι δε αλλοι καθιπνυμενοι, η απιδιμυουσιν, η εντιστοιχουσι. Demochares ap. Athenæum L. 6.

Dunster.

l. 84. p. 46. (One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other,)]

Alexander is particularly intended by the one, and Romulus by the other, who, though better than Alexander, founded his empire in the blood of his brother, and for his over-grown tyranny was at last destroyed by his own senate.

Newton.

l. 109. p. 46 Think not so slight of glory;—]

There is nothing throughout the whole poem more expressive of the true character of the Tempter than this reply. There is in it all the falshood of *the father of lies*, and the glozing subtlety of an insidious deceiver. The argument is false and unsound, and yet it is veiled over with a certain plausible air of truth. The poet has also, by introducing this, furnished himself with an opportunity of explaining that great question in divinity, why God created the world, and what is meant by that glory which he expects from his creatures. This may be no improper place to observe to the reader the author's great art in weaving into the body of so short a work so many grand points of the Christian theology and morality.

Thyer.

l. 158. p. 48. Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,]

Judea was reduced to the form of a Roman province, in the reign of Augustus, by Quirinius, or Cyrenius, then governor of Syria; and Coponius, a Roman of the equestrian order, was appointed to govern it, under the title of Procurator.

Newton.

l. 159. p. 48. ——— nor is always rul'd

With temperate sway—]

The Roman government indeed was not always the most temperate. At this time Pontius Pilate was procurator of Judea, and, it appears from history, was a most corrupt and flagitious governor. See particularly Philo, *de Legatione ad Calum*.

Newton.

l. 160. p. 48. ——— oft have they violat'd

The temple, &c.—]

Antiochus, with several of his officers, entered not only into the holy place, but also penetrated into the holy of holies, where none were permitted by the law to enter, except the high priest alone, once in a year, on the great day of expiation. Antiochus Epiphanes had before been guilty of a similar profanation. See 2 Macab. C. v.

Newton.

l. 165 p. 48 So did not Maccabeus, &c.—]

The Témpter had noticed the profanation of the temple by the Romans, as well as that by Antiochus Epiphanes, king of Syria, and now he would infer, that Jesus was to blame for not vindicating his country against the one, as *Judas Maccabeus* had done against the other. He fled indeed into the wilderness from the persecutions of Antiochus, but there he took up arms against him, and obtained so many victories over his forces, that he recovered the city and sanctuary out of their hands, and his family was in his brother Jonathan, advanced to the high priesthood, and in his brother Simon to the principality, and so they continued for several descents sovereign pontiffs and sovereign princes of the Jewish nation till the time of Herod the great though their father Mattathias, (the son of John, the son of Simon, the son of Asmonæus, from whom the family had the name of Asmonæans,) was no more than a priest of the temple of Jerusalem, and dwelt at Modin, which is famous for nothing so much as being the country of the Maccabees. See *1 Maccab. Josephus, Prideaux, &c.*

Newton

l. 242. p. 51 (As he who seeking assis found a kingdom,)]

Saul, seeking his father's ass, came to Samuel, and by him was anointed king. *1 Sam. ix.*

Newton

l. 284 p. 52. ————— Persipolis,

His city,—]

The city of Cyrus, if not built by him, yet by him made the capital city of the Persian Empire.

Newton

l. 285 p. 52. ————— Bactra there,—]

The chief city of Bactriana a province of Persia, famous for its fruitfulness, mentioned by Virgil, *Georg. ii. 136.*

Newton

l. 286 p. 52 Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,]

Ancient historians speak of *Ecbatana*, the metropolis of Media, as a very large city. Herodotus compares it to Athens, *L. i. c. 98.* Strabo calls it a great city, *μεγάλη πόλις*, *L. ii.* and Polybius, *L. ii.* says it greatly excelled other cities in riches and magnificence of buildings.

Newton

l. 287 p. 52. And Hecatompylos her hundred gates,—]

The name signifies a city with an hundred gates, and so the capital

city of Parthia was called, *Ἐκφορμυλον το των Παρθυαιων βασιλειαν*.
Strabo. L. xi. p. 514. *Newton.*

l. 288. p. 52. Susa by Choaspes,—]

Susa, the Shushan of the holy scriptures, and the royal seat of the kings of Persia, who resided here in the winter and at Ecbatana in the summer, was situated on the river *Choaspes*, or Eulæus, or Ulai as it is called in Daniel; or rather on the confluence of these two rivers, which meeting at Susa form one great river, sometimes called by one name, and sometimes by the other. *Newton.*

Dionysius describes the Choaspes flowing by Susa,

— παρα τῇ ρειῶν χθονα Συσσων.

1074.

l. 288. p. 52. ———— amber stream,]

Thus in the PARADISE LOST, iii. 358.

And where the river of bliss through midst of heaven

Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her AMBER STREAM;—

where Bp. Newton observes that the clearness of amber was proverbial with the ancients, and cites

— ΑΔΕΚΤΡΙΝΟΝ ὕδωρ.

Callimach. HYMN AD CER. 29.

And Virgil. GEORG. iii. 522.

— non qui per saxa volutus

• • • PURIOR ELECTRO campum petit amnis:—

Sabrina the River-Goddes, in COMUS, is addressed, Ver. 863, as having

— AMBER-DROPPING hair;

where Mr. Warton observes that her hair *drops amber*, because, in the poet's idea, her stream was supposed to be transparent.

l. 289. p. 52. The drink of none but kings;—]

It may be granted, and it is not at all improbable, that none besides the king might drink of that water of *Choaspes*, which was boiled & barreled up for his use in his military expeditions. Solinus indeed, who is a frivolous writer, says "*Choaspes* ita dulcis est, ut Persici reges quamdiu intra ripas Persidis fluit solis sibi ex eo pocula vindicarint." Milton therefore, considered as a poet, with whose purpose the fabulous suited best, is by no means to be blamed for what he has advanced; as even the authority of Solinus is sufficient to justify him. *Fortin.*

l. 289 p. 5. ————— of later fam.,

Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands,

The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there

Artaxata, Tiredon, Ctesiphon,]

Cities of later date, *built by Emathian hands*, that is, Macedonian, by the successors of Alexander in Asia. *The great Seleucia*, built near the river Tigris by Seleucus Nicator, one of Alexander's captains, and called *great* to distinguish it from others of the same name, *Nisibis*, another city upon the Tigris, called also Antiochia, *Antiochia quam Nisibin vocant* Plin vi. 16. *Artaxata*, the chief city of Armenia, seated upon the river Araxe, *juxta Araxem Antiochia* Plin vi. 10. *Tiredon*, a city near the Persian bay, below the confluence of Euphrates and Tigris, *Leti in insula confluntur Euphratis et Tigris* Plin vi. 28. *Ctesiphon*, near Seleucia, the winter residence of the Parthian king, Strabo l. xvi. p. 713. *Antiochia*

l. 292 p. 52. Artaxata—]

Strabo, l. xi. p. 528. says that Artaxata was built by Hannibal for Artaxas, who, after being general to Antiochus the Great, became king of Armenia.

l. 294 p. 52. All these the Parthian, now some ages past

By great Artices led, who founded first

That empire, under his dominion hold,

From the luxurious kings of Antioch won]

All these cities, which before belonged to the Seleucids or Syrian Macedonian princes, sometimes called *kings of Antioch*, from their usual place of residence, were now under the dominion of the Parthians, whose empire was founded by *Artices*, who revolted from Antiochus Theus, according to Pridcaux, two hundred and fifty years before Christ. This view of the Parthian empire is much more agreeably and poetically described than Adam's prospect of the kingdoms of the world from the mount of vision in the Paradise Lost, xi. 385—411. but still the anachronism in this is worse than in the other: in the former Adam is supposed to take a view of cities many years before they were built, and in the latter our Saviour beholds cities, as Nineveh, Babylon, &c. in their flourishing condition many years after they were laid in ruins, but it was the design of the former vision to

exhibit what was future, it was not the design of the latter to exhibit what was past.

Newton.

*l. 298 p. 53. And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of his great power, &c.—]*

Milton, considering very probably that a geographic description of kingdoms, however varied in the manner of expression and diversified with little circumstances, must soon grow tedious, has very judiciously thrown in this digressive picture of an army mustering for an expedition, which he has executed in a very masterly manner. The same conduct he has observed in the subsequent description of the Roman empire, by introducing into the scene prætors and proconsuls marching out to their provinces with troops, lictors, rods, and other ensigns of power, and ambassadors marking their entrance into that imperial city from all parts of the world. There is great art and design in this contrivance of our Author's, and the more as there is no appearance of any, so naturally tie the parts connected. *Thyer.*

l. 315 p. 53. Of many provinces from bound to bound;—]

He had before mentioned the principal cities of the Parthians, and he now recounts several of their provinces

Newton.

l. 316. p. 53. Arichesia,—]

This was one of the largest provinces of the Parthian Empire, and, as Bp. Newton observes, is described by Strabo extending to the river Indus, *μαχρι του Indu πολαμεν τεταμεν.* L. xi. p. 516.

l. 316 p. 53. ————— Candaur—]

In the Edition of 1680 it is written *Gandaur*. Pliny, describing this country, speaks of the *Gandari*, L. vi. 16 where Father Harduin would read *Candari*, and says, (as Bp. Newton observes,) that they are different from the *Gandari*. Pomponius Mela notices the same people, L. i. C. 2. where the commentators are divided between the readings of *Candari* or *Gandari*. Vossius, in a note on the place, clearly shows they were a different people from the Indian *Gandari*, and that they were the *Candari* of Ptolemy, and the people meant by Pliny, in the passage already referred to—These provinces lay eastward. Candahar, or Kandahar, is the modern name of *Arachosia*.

- l. 317. p. 53. — *Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,]*

Margiana and Hyrcania lay northward of Atachofia towards the Caspian Sea. Margiana is mentioned by Pliny, L. vi. 16 — The Hyrcanian "cliffs of Caucasus" and "the Iberian dales" are joined together by Strabo, who says, that the highest part of the Caucasus bordered on Albania, Iberia, and Colchis — *τα μὲν οὖν υψηλότερα τῶν οὕτως Καυκάσου τὰ νοτιώτατα εἰσι, τὰ πρὸς Ἀλβανίαν καὶ Ἰβηρίαν καὶ Κολχίους.* L. xi. p. 506 — The Iberian dales are termed dark, as the country abounded in forests. Tacitus describes the Iberians "fatuosum locos incolentes" ANNAL. vi. 34

- l. 319. p. 53. *From Atio atia and the neighbouring plains,
Of Adiabene, Meli, and the south
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven]*

This description of the Parthian provinces moves nearly in a circle. It begins with Arachofia east; then advances northward to Margiana, and from thence, turning westward, proceeds to Hyrcania, Iberia, and the Atropatian or northern division of Media. Here it turns again southward, and carries us to Adialene, or the western part of Babylonia, which, as Dr. Newton observes, Strabo (L. xvi. p. 745,) describes as a *plain country*, *της μὲν ἐν Ἀδιαβηνῆς ἡ πλεῖστη πεδιάς εἰσι;* then, passing through part of Media, it concludes with Susiana, which extended southward to the Persian Gulph, called *Balsara's haven*, from the Port of Balsara, Bassorah, or Bufforah.

- l. 333. p. 54. ————— *or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke,]*

Alluding probably to Æschylus's description of Xerxes's bridge over the Hellespont. PARSÆ, 71.

Πολυγέφυρον ὀδὸν ἔχον

Ζυγὸν ἀμφιβάλλον αὐχένι πόντου

Thyer.°

- l. 337. p. 54. *Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican with all his northern powers
Besieg'd Albracca, &c. —]*

What Milton here alludes to is related in Boiardo's Orlando Innamorato, L. i. Cant. 10. The number of forces said to be then assembled is incredible, and extravagant even beyond the common

extravagancy of romances. Agrican the Tartar king brings into the field no less than two millions two hundred thousand ;

Ventidua centinaia di migliaia

Di caualier hauea quel Rè nel campo,

Cosa non mai udita——

and Sacripante the king of Circassia, who comes to the assistance of Gallaphrone, three hundred and eighty-two thousand. It must be acknowledged, I think, by the greatest admirers of Milton, that the impression which romances had made upon his imagination in his youth, has in this place led him into a blameable excess. Not to mention the notorious fabulousness of the fact alluded to, which I doubt some people will censure in a poem of so grave a turn, the number of the troops of Agrican, &c. is by far too much disproportioned to any army, which the Parthian king by an historical evidence could be supposed to bring into the field. *Thyer.*

l. 341. p. 54. The fairest of her sex Angelica,]

This is that Angelica who afterwards made her appearance in the same character in Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, which was intended as a continuation of the story, which Rinaldo had begun. As Milton fetches his simile from a romance, he adopts the terms used by these writers, viz. *prowest* and *Paynim*. *Thyer.*

l. 374. p. 55. ————— those ten tribes

Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,

In Habor, and among the Medes dispers'd ;]

These were the ten tribes, whom Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, carried captive into Assyria, and put them in Halab and in Habor by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes. 2 Kings, xviii. 11. which cities were now under the dominion of the Parthians.

Newton.

l. 428. p. 57. Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,

Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,

Headlong would follow ; and to their Gods perhaps

Of Bethel and of Dan ?—]

There is some difficulty and obscurity in this passage ; and several conjectures and emendations have been offered to clear it but none, I think, entirely to satisfaction. Mr. Symplson would read *Headlong*

would fall off, and *Ec.* or *Headlong* would fall, &c. But Mr. Calton seems to come nearer the poet's meaning. Whom or what would they follow, says he? There wants an accusative case; and what must be understood to complete the sense can never be accounted for by an ellipsis, that any rules or use of language will justify. He therefore suspects by some accident a whole line may have been lost, and proposes one, which he says may serve at least for a commentary to explain the sense, if it cannot be allowed for an emendation.

Their fathers in their old iniquities

Headlong would follow, &c. —

Or is not the construction thus, *Headlong would follow as to their ancient patrimony, and to their Gods perhaps, &c.* ? Newton.

BOOK IV.

l. 27. p. 62. Another plain, &c. —]

The learned reader need not be informed that the country here meant is Italy, which indeed is long but not broad, and is washed by the Mediterranean on the south, and screened by the Alps on the north, and divided in the midst by the river Tiber. Newton.

l. 66. p. 63. ————— turns of horse —]

Troops of horse; as Bp. Newton observes, from the Latin, *turma* Virg. *Æn.* v. 560.

————— equitum TURMA, ———

l. 68. p. 63. ————— on the Appian road,

Or, on the Emilian, —]

The Appian road from Rome led towards the south of Italy, and the Emilian towards the north. The nations on the Appian road are included in ver. 60—76, those on the Emilian in ver. 77—79.

l. 69. p. 63. ————— from farthest south,

Syene, and where the shadow both way falls, &c.—]

He first mentions places in *Africa*; *Syene*, a city of Egypt on the confines of Ethiopia; *Ditionis Ægypti esse incipit a fine Æthiopie Syene*; *Plin. Lib. v. Sect. 9*; *Meroe*, an island and city of Ethiopia, in the river Nile, therefore called *Nilotic isle, where the shadow both way falls*; *Rurfus in Meroe, (insula hæc caputque gentis Æthiopum—in amne Nilo habitat,) bis anno absumi umbras*; *Plin. Lib. ii. Sect. 73*; *the realm of Bocchus, Mauritania*. Then *Asian* nations; among these *the golden Chersonese*, Malacca the most southera promontory of the East Indies, (see *Paradise Lost*, xi. 392; *and utmost Indian isle Taprobane*, wherefore *Pliny* says it is “extra orbem a natura relegata;” *Lib. vi. Sect. 22*. Then the *European* nations as far as to *the Tauric pool*, that is the palus Mæotis; “*Lacus ipse Mæotis, Tanain amnem ex Riphæis montibus defluentem accipiens; novissimum inter Europam Asiamque finem, &c.*” *Plin. Lib. iv. Sect. 12.*

Newton.

l. 115. p. 65. On citron tables or Atlantic stone,]

Tables made of citron wood were in such request among the Romans, that *Pliny* calls it *mensarum insania*. They were beautifully stained and spotted. See his account of them, *Lib. xiii. Sect. 29*. I do not find that the *Atlantic stone* or marble was so celebrated: the *Numidicus lapis* and *Numidicum marmor* are often mentioned in Roman authors.

Newton.

l. 145. p. 66. Or could of inward slaves make outward free?]

This noble sentiment *Milton* explains more fully, and expresses more diffusively, in his *PARADISE LOST*, xii. 90.

— therefore since he permits

Within himself unworthy pow'rs to reign

Over free reason, God in judgment just

Subjects him from without to violent lords; &c.

So also again, in his xliith Sonnet,

Licence they mean, when they cry Liberty;

FOR WHO LOVES THAT, MUST FIRST BE WISE AND GOOD.

No one had ever more refined notions of true liberty than *Milton*.

Thy.

l. 230 p. 68. Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st]

Alluding to those charming lines, *l. 221.*

Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first

By winning words to conquer willing heart,

And make persuasion do the work of force *Newton.*

l. 239 p. 69 ————— pure the air, and light the soil,]

Attica being a mountainous country, the soil was light, and the air sharp and pure, and therefore said to be productive of 'sharp wit

— Τὴν εὐκλείαν αὐτῶν ὁρῶν ἐν αὐτῇ κατιδέσθαι, ὥτι φρονιμωτάτης ἀνδρῶς οἷον. Plato in Timæo p. 24 Vol. 3 1d Ser. — "Athens tenuis" *cælum, ex quo scintille etiam putantur Attici* — (Cicero, *l. 2*) *Fargo, 4* *Newton.*

l. 244 p. 69 ————— the olive grove of Academe,]

The Academy is always described as a wood, the day, place Diogenes Lærtius calls it *παραίον Ἀλκιμαχίδου*, and Horace speaks of the *ylvæ Academi*, 2 Epist. 11 45. But Milton distinguishes it by the particular name of *the olive grove of Academe*, because the olive was particularly cultivated about Athens, being sacred to Minerva the goddess of the city. He has besides the explicit authority of Anthon, *l. 1001.*

Ἀλλ' εἰς Ἀκαδημίαν κατιών, ὑποταίς μορμύρις σποθεῖται

Sed in Academiam descendens sub sacris olivæ spiritus erit

This whole description of the Academe is infinitely charming. *Br* Newton has justly observed that "Plato's Academy was never more beautifully described." "Cicero," he adds, "who has had the scene of one of his dialogues (*De Im. l. v.*) there, and who had been himself on the spot, has not painted it in more lively colours."

l. 245. p. 69 ————— the Attic bird

Trill her thick-urbled notes &c. —]

Philomela, who according to the fables, was changed into a nightingale, was the daughter of Pandion king of Athens. Hence the nightingale is called *Atthis* in Latin, quasi Attica avis, thus Martial,

l. Ep. 54

Sic ubi multisona fervet sacer Arcthide lucus, &c. *Newton.*

*l. 247. p. 69. There flow'ry hill Hymettus with the sound
Of bees industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing ;—]*

Valerius Flaccus calls it *Florea juga Hymetti*, Argonaut. V. 344; and the honey was so much esteemed and celebrated by the ancients, that it was reckoned the best of the Attic honey, as the Attic honey was said to be the best in the world. The poets often speak of the murmur of the bees as inviting to sleep, Virg. Ecl. i. 56.

Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire fufurro :
but Milton gives a more elegant turn to it, and says that it *invites to studious musing*, which was more proper indeed for his purpose, as he is here describing the Attic learning. Newton.

l. 249. p. 69.] ————— Iliffus—]

Mr. Calton and Mr. Thyer have observed with me, that Plato hath laid the scene of his *Phædrus* on the banks, and at the spring, of this pleasant river — χαριεὴν γὰρ καὶ καθάρῃ καὶ διαφανὴ τὰ ὕδατια φαίνεται. “Nonne hinc aquulæ puræ ac pellucidæ jocundo murmure confluent?” Ed. Serr. Vol. iii. p. 229. The philosophical retreat at the spring-head is beautifully described by Plato, in the next page, where Socrates and Phædrus are represented sitting on a green bank, shaded with a spreading platane, of which Cicero hath said very prettily, that it seemeth not to have grown so much by the water which is described, as by Plato’s eloquence; “quæ mihi videtur non tam ipsa aquula, quæ describitur, quam Platonis oratione crevisse,” De Orat. i. 7. Newton.

l. 253. p. 69. Lyceum there,—]

The *Lyceum* was the school of Aristotle, who had been tutor to Alexander the Great, and was the founder of the sect of the Peripatetics, so called, ἀπο τοῦ περιπατεῖν, from his *walking*, and teaching philosophy. But there is some reason to question, whether the *Lyceum* was *within the walls*, as Milton asserts. For Suidas says expressly, that it was a place in the suburbs, built by Pericles for the exercising of soldiers: and I find the scholiast upon Aristophanes in the *Irene*, speaks of going into the *Lyceum*, and going out of it again, and *returning back into the city*: — εἰς τὸ Δυκεῖον εἰσιόντες — καὶ πάλιν ἐξιώντες ἐκ τοῦ Δυκεῖου, καὶ ἀπὸ τῆς εἰς τὴν πόλιν. Newton.

L. 253. p. 69. ————— painted Stoa—]

Stoa was the school of Zeno, whose disciples from the place had the name of Stoics; and this *Stoa*, or portico, being adorned with variety of paintings, was called in Greek Παικλή, or *various*, and here by Milton the *painted Stoa*. See Diogenes Laertius, in the lives of Aristotle and Zeno.

Newton.

L. 257. p. 69. Æolian charms,—]

Æolia carmina, verses such as those of Alcæus and Sappho, who were both of Mitylene in Lesbos, an island belonging to the Æolians.

Princeps ÆOLIUM CARMEN ad Italos

Deduxisse modos, ———

HOR. L. iii. ODE xxx. 13.

Fingent ÆOLIO CARMINE nobilem, — IBID. L. iv. ODE iii. 12.

Newton.

Our English word *charm* is derived from *carmen*; as are *inchant*, and *incantation*, from *canto*.

L. 257. p. 69. ————— Dorian Lyric odes,]

Such as those of Pindar; who calls his lyre Δωριαν φορμιγγα. OLYMP. i. 26, &c.

Newton.

L. 258. p. 69. And his who gave them breath, &c.—]

Our Author agrees with those writers, who speak of Homer as the father of all kinds of poetry. Dionysius the Halicarnassian, and Plutarch, have attempted to show that poetry in all its forms, tragedy, comedy, ode, and epitaph, are included in his works.

Newton.

L. 259. p. 69. Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,]

Our Author here follows Herodotus, in his life of Homer, where it is said that he was born near the river Meles, and that from thence his mother named him at first Melesigenes, —τιθεται ονομα τῷ παιδι

Μελεσιγενεια, απο το ποταμου την επωνυμιαν λαβουσα, —and that afterwards when he was blind and settled at Cumæ, he was called *Homer*, quasi ὁ μὴ ὁρων, from the τρεῖς by which the Cumæans distinguished blind persons; —εντευθεν δ' ὀνομα Ὅμηρος επικρατεσι τῷ Μιλήσιγενει, απο της συμφωνησας δι γαρ Κυμαιοι τους τυφλους ὀμηρος λεγουσιν.

Newton.

L. 262. p. 69. — Chorus or Iambic,—]

The two constituent parts of the ancient tragedy were the dialogue, written chiefly in the IAMBIC measure, and the CHORUS, which con-

sisted of various measures.—The character here given by our author of the ancient tragedy, is very just and noble; and the English reader cannot form a better idea of it in its highest beauty and perfection, than by reading our author's SAMSON AGONISTES. *Newton.*

l. 267. p. 70. Thence to the famous orators repair, &c.—]

How happily does Milton's versification in this, and the following lines, concerning the Socratic philosophy, express what he is describing! In the first we feel, as it were the nervous rapid eloquence of Demosthenes, and the latter have all the gentleness and softness of the humble modest character of Socrates. *Thyer.*

l. 268. p. 70. ——— whose restless eloquence

Wielded at will that fierce democratic,

Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,]

ΠΕΡΙΚΛΕΗΣ ΟΥΛΥΜΠΙΟΣ

ΔΙΣΤΡΑΙΤΕΝ, ΕΒΡΟΝΤΑ, ΣΥΝΕΚΤΑ ΤΗΝ ΕΛΛΑΔΑ.

523.

l. 271. p. 70. To Macedon and Artaxerxes throne:]

As Pericles and others *fulmin'd over Greece to Artaxerxes throne* against the Persian king, so Demosthenes was the orator particularly, who *fulmin'd over Greece to Macedon* against king Philip, in his Orations, therefore denominated Philippics. *Newton.*

l. 276. p. 70. ——— from whose mouth issu'd forth

Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools

Of Academics &c.—]

Thus Quintilian calls Socrates *fons philosophorum*. L. i. C. 10. As the ancients looked upon Homer to be the father of poetry, so they esteemed Socrates the father of moral philosophy.

l. 285. p. 70. To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd.]

This answer of our Saviour is as much to be admired for solid reasoning, and the many sublime truths contained in it, as the preceding speech of S. an is for that fine vein of poetry which runs through it: and one may observe in general, that Milton has quite throughout this work thrown the ornaments of poetry on the side of error, whether it was that he thought great truths best expressed in a grave, unaffected style, or intended to suggest this fine moral to the reader, that simple naked truth will always be an over-match for falsehood.

though recommended by the gayest rhetoric, and adorned with the most bewitching colours. Thyer.

l. 288. p. 70. ————— he who receives

Light from above, from the fountain of light,

No other doctrine needs, though granted true;]

St. James, C. i. V. 17. Every good and every perfect gift is from above, and COMETH DOWN FROM THE FATHER OF LIGHTS; which refers to what the apostle had said in the 5th verse of the same chapter; *If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, &c.*

l. 296. p. 70. A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;]

These were the Sceptics or Pyrrhonians, the disciples of Pyrrho, who asserted nothing to be either honest or dishonest, just or unjust; that men do all things by law and custom; and that in every thing this is not preferable to that. This was called the Sceptic philosophy from its continual inspection, and never finding; and Pyrrhonian from Pyrrho. (See Stanley's Life of Pyrrho, who takes this account from Diogenes Laertius.) Newton.

l. 297. p. 70. Others in virtue plac'd felicity,

But virtue join'd with riches and long life;]

These were the old Academics, and the Peripatetics the scholars of Aristotle.

l. 299. p. 70. In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;]

EPICURUS. The HE is here contemptuously emphatical.

l. 341. p. 72. ————— personating]

This is in the Latin sense of *persono*, to celebrate loudly, to publish or proclaim.

l. 354. p. 72. ————— statists—]

Or statesmen. A word in more frequent use formerly, as in Shakspeare, CYMBELINE, Act II. Sc. 5.

————— I do believe,

(STATIST though I am none, nor like to be:)

and HAMLET, Act V. Sc.

I once did hold it, as our STATISTS do, &c.

Newton.

l. 421. p. 75. Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round

Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, &c.—]

With that, methought, A LEGION OF FOUL FIENDS
 ENVIRON'D ME, AND HOWLED IN MINE EARS
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
 I trembling wak'd; and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in Hell:
 * Such terrible impression made my dream.

K. RICHARD III. ACT I. Sc. 5.

l. 427. p. 75. ——— with *pilgrim steps*—]

With the slow solemn pace of a pilgrim on a journey of devotion.

Newton.

l. 427. p. 75. ——— amice gray,]

Amice gray is gray clothing. Amice, a significant word, is derived from the Latin *amicia*, to clothe: and is used by Spenser, FAERY QUEEN, Book I. C. iv. St. 18.

Array'd in habit black, and AMICE THIN,

Like to an holy monk the service to begin.

Newton.

l. 428. p. 75. *Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar*

Of thunder, chac'd the clouds, and laid the winds, &c.]

This is an imitation of a passage in the first *Æneid* of Virgil, where Neptune is represented with his trident laying the storm which *Æolus* had raised. ver. 142.

Sic ait, et dicto citius tumida æquora placat,

COLLECTASQUE FUGAT NUBES, solemque reducit.

There is the greater beauty in the English poet, as the scene he is describing under this charming figure is perfectly consistent with the course of nature; nothing being more common than to see a stormy night succeeded by a pleasant, serene morning.

Thyer.

l. 430. p. 75. *And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had rais'd,]*

So when the sun in bed,

Curtain'd with cloudy red,

Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,

The flocking shadows pale,

Troop to the infernal inn,

Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,

And the yellow-skirted Fayes
Fly after the night steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze

This popular superstition, respecting the evanescence of spirits at the crowing of the cock, Shakspeare, as Mr Walton observe, has finely availed himself of in his *HAMLET*, where the Ghost vanishes at this circumstance

It faded on the crowing of the cock
Some say that ever gunst that season come,
When our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning sing th all night long
And then, say they, no spirit dare walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch has power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time

The supposed effect of day-break, in this respect, is also described very poetically by the same great master in his *MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM*, Act III Scene *the last*

And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger,
At whose approach ghoste wanlerin, here and there
Troop home to churchyards—damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone

Thus also Cowley, in his *Hymn to Light*, Stanza 10
Night and her ugly subjects thou dost fright, &c
And Stanza 17.

The ghost, and monster spirits, that did presume
A body's privilege to assume,
Vanish again invisibly —

But perhaps no poet has more happily veiled himself of this superstition, or has introduced it more poetically than the late Mr Gray, in his *PROGRESS OF POETRY*, where the relief, which the Muse affords to the real and imaginary ill of life, is compared to the day dispelling the gloom and terrors of the night.

Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her SPECTRES WAN, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky;
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

STANZA ii. 1 —

Dunster.

*l. 432. p. 75. And now the sun with more effectual beams
 Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
 From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green
 After a night of storm so ruinous,
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn.]*

There is in this description all the bloom of Milton's youthful fancy. We may compare an evening scene of the same kind, PARADISE LOST, ii. 488.

As, when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
 Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'erspread
 Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow or shower;
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley ring.

Thyer.

l. 434. p. 76. — these flaws,—] (From Flo.)

Flaw is a sea term for a sudden storm, or gust of wind.

In the PARADISE LOST, among the changes produced in the natural world are violent storms, which are described

— arm'd with ice,

And snow and hail, and STORMY GUST AND FLAW;

x. 697.

where Bp. Newton cites two verses from Shakspere's VENUS and ADONIS;

Like a red morn that ever yet betoken'd
 GUST, and foul FLAWS to herdsmen and to herds.

l. 455. p. 76. As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven,]

So also, COMUS, 597.

— if this fail,

THE PILLAR'D FIRMAMENT is rottenness.

In both, no doubt, alluding to Job, xxvi. 11. *THE PILLARS OF HEAVEN tremble, and are astonish'd at his reproof* *Thy.*

l. 541. p. 78 ————— without wine

Of his, pogrif—]

An *happogrif* is an imaginary creature, part like a horse, and part like a gryphon.

Ariosto frequently makes use of this creature to convey his heroes from place to place *Ac. wton*

l. 564 p. 79 ————— in I. 1751—]

Iaffi is a place in Libya, mentioned by Herodotus.

l. 572 p. 79 And as that Theban monster, &c.—]

The Sphinx, who, on her riddle being solved by Oedipus, threw herself into the sea Statius, *THEB.* 1. 66

— Si Sphinx è iniqua

Callidus ambige, te præmonstrante, resolu *N. a. ton.*

l. 572. p. 79 ————— that Theban monster that proposes

Her riddle, and him, who solved it not, devour'd,

That once found out in sol'd for grief and spite

Cast herself headlong from the Ixmenian steep,]

Ixmenian steep, from the river Ixmenus, which runs by Thebes, *ο γαρ Αἰώνιος, καὶ ὁ ΙΞΜΕΝΟΣ διὰ τὴν πρὸς τὴν πόλιν ὄψιν.* Strabo 12 p. 408 — *Ixmenus* is thus frequently used by the Latin poets for *Theban*

l. 581. p. 80. ————— and shat a fiery globe

Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,

Who on their plummy vans &c.—]

There is a peculiar softness and delicacy in this description, and neither circumstance nor words could be better selected to give the reader an idea of the easy and gentle descent of our Saviour, and to take from the imagination that horror and uneasiness which it is naturally filled with in contemplating the dangerous and uneasy situation he was left in. *Thy. 1*

So Psyche was carried down from the rock by zephyrs, and laid lightly on a green and flowery bank, and there entertained with invincible music. See Apuleius, Lib. iv.

Richardson.

Mr. Richardson might have added that Psyche was also entertained with a banquet ministered by Spirits. The passages from Apuleius, (at the end of the FOURTH Book of the METAMORPHOSES, and the beginning of the FIFTH,) are well worth citing.

“*Psychem autem paventem ac trepidam, et in ipso scopuli vertice deflentem, mitis aura molliter spirantis Zephyri, vibratis hinc inde laciniis et reflato sinu sensim levatam, suo tranquillo spiritu vehens paulatim per devexa rupis excelsæ, vallis subditæ florentis cespitis gremio leniter delapsam reclinat.*”

—“*Et illico vini nectarei eduliorumque variorum fercula copiosa, nullo ferviente, sed tantum spiritu quodam impulsâ, subministrantur. Nec quemquam tamen illa videre poterat, sed verba tantum audiebat excidentia et solas voces famulas habebat. Post opimas dapes quidam intro cessit, et cantavit invisus; et alius citharam pulsavit, quæ non videbatur, nec ipse. Tunc modulatæ multitudine dinis conferta vox aures ejus affertur; ut quamvis hominum nemo pareretur, chorum tamen esse pateret.*”

Dunster.

l. 596. p. 80. True image of the Father, &c.—]

—*Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii.*

• All the poems that ever were written must yield, even PARADISE LOST must yield, to the REGAINED in the grandeur of its close. Christ stands triumphant on the pointed eminence. The Demon falls with amazement and terror, on this full proof of his being that very Son of God, whose thunder forced him out of Heaven. The blessed Angels receive new knowledge. They behold a sublime truth established, which was a secret to them at the beginning of the Temptation; and the great discovery gives a proper opening to their hymn on the victory of Christ, and the defeat of the Tempter.

Calton.

l. 605. p. 81. Thou didst rebel,—]

i. e. Subdue in Battle.

Virgil, *ÆN.* vi. 853;

— DEBELLARE superbos.

And Ibid, v. 730;

—— gens dura atque aspera cultu

DESPELLANDA tibi Latio est;——

l. 624. p. 81 ——— *Abaddon—*]

The name of the Angel of the bottomless pit, Rev. ix. 11, here
applied to the bottomless pit itself *Newton.*

THE END

